

Monday July 6 1998

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Andorra FF 10  
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Belgium BF 70  
Brazil R\$ 100  
Canada C\$ 1.50  
Czech Republic Kc 20  
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Malaysia M\$ 1.00  
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Turkey TL 10,000  
USA US\$ 3.50

# The Guardian

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Results, reports, analysis

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Marchers in 'last stand'



Orange Order officials are forced to stop their march by a barbed wire barricade in Drumcree yesterday. At least 25,000 army and police were on standby. PHOTOGRAPH: CRISPIN ROWELL

## Threat of civil unrest

Orangemen plot as violence flares

John Mulvan  
Ireland Correspondent

**O**RANGE Order leaders are preparing to implement a campaign of civil disobedience across Northern Ireland — in an effort to force the Government to reverse the marching ban at Drumcree, Co Armagh. As their plans were being hatched, protests began in Belfast and several provincial towns last night. Petrol bombs were thrown in the north of the city and burning barricades blocked dozens of roads as demonstrators supported the Orangemen. The army and police staged a huge security operation to block 1,400 Portadown Orangemen from flouting the Parades Commission's decision to bar them from the nationalist Garvaghy Road. There are fears of a violent backlash throughout the province. The Orangemen promised to stay at the formidable road-block until they are allowed to continue along the route they have walked since 1807. They see their protest as a last stand after perceived government concessions to nationalists. Dozens of tents were erected last night. Robert Sauliers, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, said: "This is not a stand-off. They don't know what a stand-off is yet." The Orange Order's 116 district masters were last night due to open sealed instructions from headquarters at 10pm. They were expected to begin putting the top-secret plans into effect after midnight, the end of the sabbath.



At least 25,000 army and police were on standby, anticipating a long-running game of cat and mouse. The Orangemen's aim is to spark protest throughout Northern Ireland, striking where least expected. They want to stretch the security forces. But it would appear impossible to force a way through the formidable barrier at Drumcree. Although yesterday was relatively peaceful, security forces fear that dissident loyalists may resort to violence. Following a five-day stand-off at Drumcree two years ago, the RUC reversed its ban on the Orangemen after the Loyalist Volunteer Force murdered Michael McGoldrick, 31, a taxi driver from nearby Lurgan. The march was allowed to go down the Garvaghy Road last year. Ronnie Fianagan, RUC chief constable, felt it was the least dangerous option, but nationalist residents were enraged. Rioting flared across Northern Ireland. Members of the LVF were seen among marchers yesterday. But it is on ceasefire and is understood to be waiting to see how effective the Orange Order plans are before delivering its response. Mr Fianagan said yesterday: "The march will not be forced down. It is our responsibility to uphold the law and it's our responsibility to ensure the security forces are able to deliver their response." Peaceful protest was acceptable. But he made it clear that this could be hijacked by extremists for "sinister and malevolent ends". "There is no need for violence. It serves no one's purpose. I would urge everyone to act calmly," Mr Fianagan added. A barrier of steel fencing, trenches and barbed wire blocked the road away from Church of the Ascension, Drumcree. Two protesters who attempted to cross through fields were arrested and there were no further attempts to break through. Harold Gracey, district master, called the Parades Commission's decision a disgrace. The commission was set up this year to rule on contentious marches, and will fuel further anger today when it announces its decisions on up to 28 parades. Some of that anger will be felt in nationalist communities. It is expected that the commission will rule in favour of the July 12 march down the Lower Ormeau Road in south Belfast. Mr Gracey, furious that no RUC officer was at the barrier to accept his letter of protest, said: "I can assure Her Majesty's Government that we will stay here until we are allowed our legitimate right to walk the road. We are taxpayers. We are loyal subjects and we will be here until we can walk the road."

More than 4,500 Orangemen from across Northern Ireland joined the 1,400 members of the Portadown district on their march to the Rev John Picken's church. The security forces unexpectedly dropped plans to block roads into the largely Protestant town. Nor were protesters cut off in the fields around the church. They were free to come and go as they pleased, and more were arriving late last night. Mr Picken, who led the one-hour service before the stand-off began, called the sight of the security measures "indiscreetly worse" than in previous years. "I never thought I would see the like of what I see at Drumcree church, and to think the barbed wire is a symbol of Northern Ireland makes me sad."

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## Record win by Sampras leaves Ivanisevic shattered



Goran Ivanisevic: 'It's the worst moment in my life'

**PETE SAMPRAS**, the world No 1 and defending champion, stormed into the record books yesterday as he matched the legendary Bjorn Borg to claim his fifth men's singles title in six years at Wimbledon. In a bitterly contested marathon, the 26-year-old beat the Croatian No 14 seed Goran Ivanisevic 6-7, 7-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2 in two hours 51 minutes. As the crowd erupted into a standing ovation, the usually undemonstrative American threw both arms aloft and, turning to face his girlfriend, the 26-year-old Hollywood actress Kimberly Williams, punched the air. He then stripped off and — to wolf whistles — threw his T-shirt into the screaming crowd. But the biggest cheer went to the erratic but brilliant Ivanisevic, who frequently looked close to gaining a second surprise victory for Croatia in less than 24 hours, following their 3-0 defeat of Germany in the World Cup quarter-finals on Saturday. Visibly distressed after losing to Sampras, the 26-year-old buried his head in his hands and covered beneath a towel as the victor did a lap of honour with his trophy. Utterly dejected, he glowered for the cameras but, as the pair left the court, raised his right arm to frenzied cheers. After the match, the ecstatic Sampras, who beat Ivanisevic in the 1994 final, said: "I can't believe I've five of these. You look at the Borgs and I have matched them. I am 26 — I hope I can get some more." Sampras added that he hoped to surpass Borg's record of five Wimbledon titles, won between 1975 and 1980. "I have a lot of good years left in me so I can hopefully do this again," he said. The No 1 seed, who also wins \$485,000, added: "It was a very, very tough match and I felt for Goran. It could have gone either way." Ivanisevic, who also lost to Andre Agassi in the 1992 final, said: "It's the worst moment in my life. You know, I've had some bad moments, like when you are sick or when somebody dies, but for me this is the worst thing ever."

He said he appreciated the support of the English crowd, who were wholeheartedly behind him. "I gave everything I could and they appreciate that, so I'd like to thank them. They told me to go one lap with this trophy but I couldn't."

And he insisted he would not be going to France to share in the celebrations of his compatriots' World Cup victory. "I cannot cheer anybody now. Now I'm no good for anybody."

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Full reports, Guardian Sport

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# 'I will be here until we win. I will be here for the rest of my life if it is necessary'

## Standoff at Drumcree: John Mullin joins the hemmed-in Orangemen, minus last year's hero

THEY drifted into the graveyard early yesterday. Some were already wearing the Orange sash. All were dressed in their Sunday best. They came to remember William Stephen Wright, who would have been 38 tomorrow.

The polished black granite headstone was finally erected in Seagoe cemetery on Saturday, six months after he was shot dead at the Maze Prison. It spoke of Brigadier Wright, beloved father-of-three, and proclaimed his murderers last December to be the enemies of Ulster.

The lettering was in gold, picking out John, chapter 15, verse 13. His love of his friends had been the greatest of all, and that was to lay down his life for them. There was a final touch, important in Portadown yesterday. The final line of the inscription read: "Gone But Not Forgotten."

It was Billy Wright who orchestrated victory two years ago when the Orangemen went down the nationalist Garvaghy Road after a five-day stand-off. It was violence that paid dividends. After his Loyalist Volunteer Force shot dead Michael McGoldrick, 31, a taxi-driver from nearby Lurgan, Sir Hugh Annesley,



then chief constable, relented for fear of further loss of life.

But there was no Billy Wright yesterday, and the anger seemed resigned. LVF men were there, but they were promising to wait and see what the Orange Order's secret plans might be.

There were other differences. The security operation was more considered. A deep trench and three rows of fear-some barbed wire blocked the way across the fields. A 20 foot container loaded with ballast blocked the road.

There were no police or army to eyeball and threaten. They were so far away that when Harold Gracey, district master, marched his men up to the barrier shortly before

1pm as the Edgarstown Band played, no one was there to rebuff him.

At least 2,500 troops and police were, however, on the scene, discreetly, with another 26,000 on standby around Northern Ireland, ready to respond to the Orange Order's secret plans.

Ronald McConnell, aged 22, said: "I will be here until we win. I will be here for the rest of my life if it is necessary."

Niall Cinnamon, aged 33, thumped his chest, and it was as eloquent an explanation of Orangemen as any on offer. He was there for his culture, his heritage and his country.

What they all meant was that Drumcree is the acid test. What happens here tells them

who is winning in Northern Ireland.

Orangemen, Unionists, Protestants — the words are sometimes taken wrongly as synonyms — won last year. They were quickly pushed through at the appointed hour, to the fury of the residents.

That Catholics, nationalists and republicans — all lumped in together — have achieved a ban this year underlines Orange fears that the Good Friday Agreement is a sell-out, and Northern Ireland is the commodity which is being hived off to Dublin.

The Rev John Pickering tries to steer clear of all that political stuff. He came as rector of this parish of 1,000 souls 14 years ago. He has no regrets, but his nerves seem shattered.

Mr Pickering, aged 57, woke at 5am to put the finishing touches to his sermon yesterday. His predecessors have done likewise since 1807, the first time the Orange Order had its annual service at the Church of Ascension, Drumcree, then the only Protestant place of worship in Portadown.

He surveyed the scene from the rectory with horror, noticing two buildings with red crosses on top. It dawned on him that they were field hospitals.

A marble plaque on the door of the church names 34 young men from the parish killed in the first world war. Most died at the Somme, part of the Orange Order's commemorations on the first Sunday in July since.

Mr Pickering said: "I am told that what the security forces have done here is rather similar to how the trenches in the Battle of the Somme must have looked in 1916. It just seems such a terrible pity."

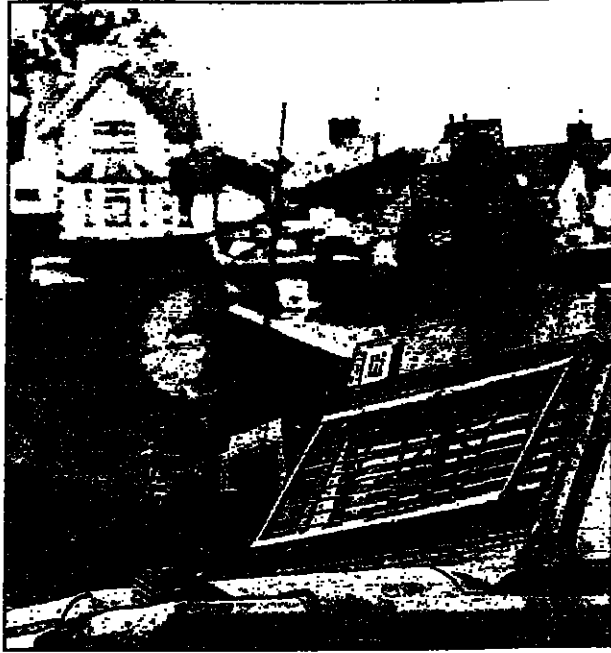
## Standoff at Drumcree: Stuart Millar goes behind the wire for a nationalist watch and wait game

SUNDAY morning at the top end of the Garvaghy Road, in St John the Baptist Roman Catholic church, 10am Mass is under way, the sides are busy if not packed. Outside local children are playing in the streets, racing around on bikes or kicking a football.

It would be a typical Sunday scene, were it not for the barbed wire around the church, the security forces' roadblock outside, and the fact that on the other side of Portadown, County Armagh, hundreds of Orangemen are preparing to set off for the most contentious parade of the Northern Ireland marching season.

As the province braced itself yesterday for the annual Drumcree showdown, the staunchly nationalist estates around the Garvaghy Road were transformed into a heavily fortified enclave. Behind the concrete and steel roadblocks, the army enforced "sterile zones" to keep the two sides apart. Residents were doing their best to act normal. Under the gaze of hundreds of cameras, it was an unconvincing job.

The mass was over by 10.40am. But instead of wan-



An RUC man guards Drumcree Road. PHOTOGRAPH: ALASTAIR GRANT

dering home, the churchgoers joined residents already gathered outside to wait for the Orangemen to pass the end of the road on their way to Drumcree parish church. At 11am, the first marchers appeared, to a silent reception from the residents; no jeering, no whistling, no abuse. For 15 minutes, the only sound was of the marchers' feet on tarmac, punctuated by the steady beating of their drums. Then the last of the marchers passed and the crowd headed home.

"We will just watch and wait now," said Brendan MacCormack, leader of the Garvaghy Residents Coalition. "It is between the Government and the Orangemen."

For four years the half-mile-

long Garvaghy Road has formed the most potent flash-point in Northern Ireland. The Orangemen claim they have marched down it for almost 200 years and it is their right to continue doing so. The Catholic residents whose homes now line the street say the parade is a triumphalist reminder of Protestant domination.

Yesterday should have been more hopeful for the residents after the Parades Commission ruled the march should not be allowed down the road. The contrast in moods with last year was overwhelming. After days of negotiations, locals had gone to bed on Saturday night confident the parade would be blocked. But at 2am on Sun-

day, they were alerted from their beds by a siren as hundreds of RUC and army Land-Rovers sealed them into their homes to allow a limited parade to go through — albeit under a hail of missiles. The road remains scarred with the search marks from the rioting which followed the parade.

This time was different. By Saturday afternoon the army fortifications had been erected on such a scale as to make it impossible for the Orangemen to go through. The atmosphere along the road was relaxed, the RUC officers in position wearing their normal peaked caps, rather than the black helmets of 12 months before.

But by late afternoon yesterday as the Orangemen dug in and the stand-off took shape, the air of calm on the nationalist side was replaced by an unease which grew as night approached. At one point a misunderstood warning to residents from the community radio station to remain vigilant brought people running on to the streets believing the march was to be forced through once again.

"We have seen the Government pretend to stand up to the Orangemen before, but after a few days they give in and the parade goes through," said Patricia Brown, a local resident. "They might not let them through today but what about tonight or tomorrow or the next day? This has to be the year to sort [it] out once and for all because people are afraid to come out of their homes."

Another resident was more sceptical. "It is just a matter of time. To the Government it is a numbers game and if they think betraying us is the lesser of two evils, that's what they will do."



Fans rock at the Party in the Park, in aid of the Prince's Trust, yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: STEFAN ROUSSEAU

## Charles plays Prince of Cool role

**Caroline Sullivan on royal appearance at an uncharacteristically hip occasion — a pop concert in Hyde Park, London**

PRINCE Charles, who is more at home with mezzo-soprano than drum and bass, emerged as an unlikely King of Cool yesterday when he attracted the cream of the Top Ten to the Prince's Trust gig in Hyde Park.

All Saints, Boyzone, Natalie Imbruglia and Louise — who came direct from her honeymoon following her wedding to footballer Jamie Redknapp — were among the music royalty who performed before an audience of 100,000.

It was a marked contrast to last month's tribute show to the Princess of Wales at Althorp. Diana was a well-known pop fan but the concert in her name was notably short of hip names, making do with Chris de Burgh and Sir Cliff Richard.

But yesterday's event, billed as the Party in the Park, was a Who's Who of the popper end of the scene, with wrinkles such as Tom Jones and Lionel Richie thrown in for the benefit of parents chaperoning predominantly young fans. But the grown-ups had to endure all 20 acts sober because of a ban on alcohol.

At least the rain that blighted other recent outdoor bashes stayed away. The sun shone from the first act — Gary Barlow replacing an ailing Simple Minds — till the cast of the musical Saturday Night Fever closed the show eight hours later.

Three-million-selling chart queens All Saints were reportedly meant to go on at 2pm, but delayed their set to accommodate the prince, who

arrived from a polo match at five o'clock. Contrary to expectations, William and Harry, fans of the streetwise Saints, did not accompany their father.

After meeting Stephen Fry, Linford Christie and X-Files actor David Duchovny backstage, the Prince watched Boyzone, All Saints and Louise. The latter two were the sauciest stars of the day but if the royal toe tapped to Louise's Naked or All Saints' explicitly sexual Booty Call, its owner's face betrayed nothing.

He did, however, wave his programme in a manner immediately familiar to anyone who's ever been to a rock festival. His campaign for a more informal image received another boost when he flapped his arms to B\*Witched's number one single C'est la Vie.

Seated next to Duchovny and Richie, he peered at the stage with an expression best described as bemused. All Saints got the prince's full at-

tention, and the crowd's too. He watched as pregnant Melanie Blatt, in a cropped top that exposed her bump, jigged two hits.

Their smooth pop-soul got the best response of the day, with Boyzone a close second. The rest slickly did their thing, the only display of ego being Gary Barlow's comment: "It feels strange to be the opening act."

All but Boyzone and All Saints were confined to four songs, but they stuck to it and off before anyone had a chance to get bored or indeed request more.

Despite complaints of overcrowding and poor sound, fans, who paid up to £225 per ticket, felt they'd got value for money. Jessica Taylor, aged 18, from Buckhurst Hill, Essex, said: "I've just come for the experience. This is only my second concert. I wanted to see Natalie Imbruglia and Boyzone."

Her friend added: "Especially Boyzone. If Roman looks at me I'll faint."

## Downing Street adviser under fire over links with lobbyists

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that committee, Martin O'Neill, ordered an inquiry and said he was very disturbed about the leak.

The boasts point to an intricate network of connections, from the serious to the farcical. Mr Draper revealed he faxed a copy of his Express column to Mr Mandelson for vetting, which Mr Mandelson's office confirmed yesterday but added that the minister seldom had time to look at it.

One of the most potentially damaging incidents was the introduction by Mr Draper of Mr Liddle to the US consultant acting on behalf of the Observer. Mr Liddle is quoted as saying: "Whenever you are ready, just tell me what you want, who you want to meet and Derek and I will make the call for you."

In a statement issued from Downing Street yesterday, Mr Liddle admitted being introduced by Mr Draper to the US

businessman and his companion. "After a discussion on the subject of the policy, I offered them my card and said I would be happy to talk to them further about it."

"As part of my job, I see a lot of business people on a regular basis. It's an important element of my responsibilities. At no time, did I offer to make any introductions on behalf of GPC or Mr Draper."

Mr Draper did not return calls yesterday.

But one of the other lobbying firms, LLM, insisted there had been no wrongdoing.

Mr Lucas said: "There has been no impropriety committed by LLM and even malicious misrepresentation has failed to establish any suggestion otherwise."

"We have at all times made clear that our political communications advice is based on understanding and analysis and not on access," he added.

Massive cuts IN THE  
COST OF long distance  
PHONE CALLS.



مكتبة الامير

Johnny Speight, the writer behind Alf Garnett, Britain's favourite bigot, was defiantly politically incorrect to the last

John Ezard on a 'strong character'



Warren Mitchell (right) plays Alf Garnett in a 1966 episode of *Till Death Us Do Part*, featuring (from left) Tony Booth, Una Stubbs and Dandy Nichols

## Till Death Us Do Part creator dies

JOHNNY Speight, who made a lifetime of mischief, money and controversy out of his incorrigible comic bigot Alf Garnett, died yesterday at the age of 78.

After years of being treated as politically incorrect, he had managed to get one last, cheeky script shown on BBC1, the channel of his old glories. Called *Till Death Us Do Part*, it was screened shortly before last year's general election.

It rediscovered the long-lost son of Alf's daughter and son-in-law — played in *Till Death Us Do Part* by Una Stubbs and Tony Booth — as a newly

elect young Labour prime minister. In real life, Mr Booth is Charlie Blair's father.

When a dignitary at a Chequers banquet asked Garnett what had happened to his Tory principles, he replied: "I didn't think socialism would be as good as this."

Speight died of stomach cancer with his family around him at home in Chorleywood, Hertfordshire. His son Francis, aged 38, a golf professional, said: "He died peacefully. He had been quite unwell for some time but he only found out about the cancer two months ago. He knew he didn't have a lot of time."

"But the illness only stopped him writing in the last three or four weeks. He was a strong character."

*Till Death* and other writing was earning Speight £10,000 a year, with a Rolls-Royce, by the mid-1960s. His 40 prominent years as a television scriptwriter ended in the early 1980s when the BBC cancelled a new series of *In Sickness and In Health*, his sequel to *Till Death*.

This was allegedly because of complaints about swear words and references to lesbians in the sequel from a character who was both reviled and cherished in the first

series for calling blacks "coons" and his wife a "silly old moo".

Dandy Nichols, the actress playing Mrs Garnett, grew so depressed and angry at this on-screen invective that she was unwilling to work with Speight for 10 years after *Till Death* ended.

After the sequel was terminated, Speight said: "Alf had become a symbol of all they hated. It was becoming increasingly difficult to get him on TV. To some extent the motive behind political correctness was good. It was 'anti' any kind of prejudice."

"But it was legislating

against people's thoughts and all debate was being stifled. Someone must have bowed to political pressure."

Alf Garnett, he said, was always going to offend someone. "He is the worst of the English male — taken to extremes for comic reasons."

"I didn't invent him. He was created by society. I just grassed on him. Unfortunately the world is full of Alf Garnetts. Not only in the working classes, in the upper classes and middle classes — all sorts of places. You can't encourage racism to be any worse than they are. And the fact that you raise these

points of view and make fun of them makes people more inclined to think about them. If you never mention them, they just go on."

Last night Paul Jackson, controller of entertainment for the BBC, said: "There are very few writers who can claim to have created a character who embodied a spirit of a generation."

"Johnny Speight did this with Alf Garnett."

Geoffrey Perkins, BBC head of comedy, said Speight was "one of the foremost comedy writers Britain has produced".

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## Anglican prayer book to include exorcism

Madeline Bunting  
Religious Affairs Editor

**P**RAYERS of healing, exorcism and deliverance are to be included for the first time in the Church of England's new service book.

The new service incorporates traditional prayers calling for God's protection from "the wrath of evildoers, from the assaults of evil spirits, from foes visible and invisible, from the snares of the devil".

It will also include a service for exorcism, although it is emphasised that such services require the authorisation of the local bishop. There are also prayers to rid a place of evil spirits: "Visit, Lord, we pray, this place and drive far from it all the snares of the enemy."

The services include anointing the sick with blessed oil and the laying of hands on people who are ill or in need of emotional healing.

Several priests told the General Synod meeting yesterday in York during a debate on the wording of the new services that there had been an enormous growth in demand for healing in the last 20 years.

The Rev Canon Hugh Wilcox said: "In 12 years, my healing ministry has grown apace. It is one of the signs of strength and growth in our church. It brings the church right into touch with the community. People stop me in the queue in Tesco's to ask me to add their uncle who is dying of cancer to my prayer list when they might not even know what prayer means."

The Rt Rev John Hind, Bishop in Europe and chair of the General Synod, said the church's new service book, *Common Worship*, to be published in 2001, said the growth of the healing ministry was an illustration of people's disorientation.

"In a society which is losing any central focus of its identity and lacking a central set of values, people experience disintegration in many ways, and they need wholeness. These services can meet that need," he said.

The Rt Rev John Perry, Bishop of Chelmsford and

chair of the church's council of health and healing, emphasised that the tradition of Christian healing went right back to the New Testament.

"There has been a widespread recovery of awareness that this is part of the Christian faith."

The demand is evidence of the growing strength of the charismatic wing of the church — which believes in the gifts of the Holy Spirit such as speaking in tongues and the power to heal the sick — and it is also indicative of growing concern that in this area of church life, which can provoke intense emotion and high expectations, leaving people to devise their own services can be dangerous.

The Nine O'Clock Service in Sheffield, which collapsed in allegations of sexual misconduct three years ago, placed great emphasis on healing.

The Archbishop of Canterbury yesterday urged the nation to put the death of Di-

'Healing ministry is one of the signs of strength and growth in church'

ana, Princess of Wales behind it. The Rt Rev George Carey's comments followed the Archbishop of York's warning at the weekend that the country was in danger of "clinging too much to the icon".

Dr Carey told the Synod: "Let's remember what she's done and remember in our prayers her sons who are left — but also let's move on by remembering what she did for people, and let's think about how we can work in our communities to change lives as she did."

The Archbishop of York, the Rt Rev David Hope, the second most senior cleric in the Church of England hierarchy, had warned earlier that the adulation surrounding Princess Diana was tantamount to a cult.

"We should be careful that she is not worshipped. That worship should be directed to the God who created her. He wants golden hearts and golden minds rather than golden temples."

### Wit and wisdom of Alf Garnett

'Where's your working-class God, then? Eh? You've got your upper-class God — oh yes. Just look at his name — Lord God. Not Fred God or Harry God.'

— Alf Garnett

'When I was poor, I couldn't stand the Alf Garnetts in the East End — the ones who took their hats off to the Queen and voted Tory. I'd probably have thrown a bomb at Buckingham Palace given half the chance. Now I just think the Queen's got a bloody awful job. But I still vote Labour.'

— Johnny Speight

'Every single organ in Louis Washkansky's (the first heart transplant patient) was white Jewish. They won't mix with a black heart, will they? And even if they did, what sort of a life is he going to have, living in South Africa with apartheid? I mean, he won't know what toilet to use for a start, will he?'

— Garnett

'Ninety per cent of my material comes from people in pubs. I'm a recorder.'

— Speight

'What the Micks need is a bloody good thumping like we give 'em in the olden days — it wasn't proper wars, more like blood sports.'

— Garnett

'The only difference *Till Death Us Do Part* has made is that I turned in my blue second-hand Rolls for a blue second-hand Bentley Continental.'

— Speight

'There was something about the way the studio audience laughed at certain lines. It's likely that a large proportion of the 20 million people who watched the show did so for the wrong reasons. If they asked me to do another series, I'd run out screaming and shoot myself.'

— Dennis Main Wilson, founder producer, *Till Death Us Do Part*



Johnny Speight in 1992 with his Rolls-Royce

## Square Mile set to shut out cars

Keith Harper  
Transport Editor

**C**ARS could be banned from the Square Mile, home of the Bank of England and most of Britain's financial institutions, by the end of the year under a radical plan to tackle London's traffic chaos.

The scheme, which would draw on smart-card technology, represents the first attempt to ban cars from a large city area for reasons other than security. It will be submitted to the Government by the Corporation of London

and could form the blueprint for action in other cities.

John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister, has still to see details but his officials last night were said to be impressed by the idea. It reflects the Government's view that action must be taken by local authorities to curb car use in congested areas, a view that will be laid out this month in Mr Prescott's integrated transport policy white paper.

One problem facing the Corporation is the existence of a law that allows vehicles free access to the highway. But officials at the Department of Transport said yesterday there would be nothing to stop the London scheme being tested for 18 months.

The Square Mile project builds on the partial banning of traffic to the area after the IRA bombing there in 1993. A strict surveillance programme was introduced with police checks at key access points.

Joe Weiss, the Corporation's director of transport, said: "Unless traffic is actively prevented from inhibiting access and local movement, the vitality and efficiency of the City as a place to do business is at risk."

The Corporation's surveys have shown that about 70 per cent of traffic in the Square Mile neither starts nor finishes its journeys in the area.

Under the Corporation's plan, a form of area licensing would be introduced for essential vehicles, such as cabs and buses. Vehicles that need to be in the City would be identified.

A copy of the Corporation's plan says: "Area licensing could be introduced using smart-card technology installed at the zone access points or some other acceptable method such as wind-screen permits."

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**The Government is like Thatcherism with extra surveillance cameras. It is unclear whether Labour is following a broadly neo-liberal agenda because it feels impotent to challenge those who really believe in it'**

Larry Elliott.

Finance, page 15







Downing St denies aide offered to make introductions, but acknowledges 'unwelcome' impression given, Ewen MacAskill reports

# How 'insider' lobbyists rose to bait

**M**PS, government advisers and others from the world of Westminster were spoilt for choice on a sunny night two weeks ago. There were at least three receptions in the square mile round Parliament.

Roger Liddle, who works in the Downing Street policy unit with a remit to look at European policy, went to one at the Banqueting House. So did Derek Draper, a lobbyist and a former researcher for the Minister without Portfolio, Peter Mandelson. And so too did Gregory Palast, an American consultant/journalist working on behalf of the Observer. The three met and chatted. Their conversation has re-opened the controversy about the relationship between government and lobbyists.

Under the Tories, money

was exchanged between MPs and lobbyists. Is Labour, elected to clean up politics, any better? Are the bright, young people who left Labour to join lobbying companies as sleazy as their predecessors, or are they just naïve?

Under the last government, the Sunday Times's stinging tests whether Conservative MPs would put down parliamentary questions for cash, and came up with the answer 'Yes'. The Observer, acting on information from two sources that lobbyists were offering insider information, asked Mr Palast to test the present government.

The resulting tale provides a wonderful collection of quotes from lobbyists boasting of the access they can offer. Seeing them in print will make the lobbyists squirm, and it was hardly surprising that most went to ground yesterday, with one

even reported to have gone to Italy. But is there more to it than just embarrassment?

The Conservatives hope so, desperate to take revenge for the years when they were subjected to headline after headline about sleaze, and will press the Government all this week for explanations.

**'They are still close with people in Downing Street and the Treasury'**

If it was to be proved that the lobbyists did supply market-sensitive information, acquired through their old friends in government, then there is a case for Number 10 and the Treasury to answer. Mr Palast posed as someone

representing big US energy concerns. He contacted various lobbying firms, and the responses ranged from exuberant boasts of access to key figures in government, through to delivery of an advance of an important speech by the Chancellor, Gordon Brown.

Among allegations made by The Observer were: that Mr Draper boasted he had leaked crucial financial information from the Treasury to the US investment bank Salomon Smith Barney; that Karl Milner, a former adviser to Mr Brown now working for GIV Government Relations, provided a US company with an advance copy of a Commons select committee report; and that Ben Lucas, founder of the L.M. lobbying company, claimed he knew the contents of the Chancellor's key Mansion House speech days before it was delivered.

The Government swatted these allegations aside yesterday, saying there was a big difference between what lobbyists boasted they could do — or had done — and what actually happened. There were no links with ministers.

Lord Neill, the standards watchdog, may be limited in investigating, because lobbyists are outside his remit. But Mr Liddle is employed by Downing Street, and that is why the Banqueting House conversation takes on special significance.

Mr Palast, who was accompanied by a colleague, asked Mr Draper to establish his credentials by introducing them to someone of influence. Mr Draper, a good self-publicist with a wide network of contacts, brought into the company Mr Liddle.

The latter, who was co-author with Mr Mandelson of The Blair Revolution, chatted

to Mr Palast and left with an alleged remark that is potentially damning: "Whenever you are ready, just tell me what you want, who you want to meet, and Derek and I will make the call for you." If true, Mr Liddle's continuation at Downing Street would be untenable.

A Downing Street insider said Mr Draper had "an inflated view of his own importance". Various government spokesmen stressed that, unlike under the Conservatives, there was no question of money having been passed to ministers or MPs.

More than a score of people left Labour immediately before and since the general election to join various lobbying or consultant groups. It may seem perverse to have left when Labour had finally made it, but there were not enough jobs to go round in government, and Labour headquarters was scaled down. And for some, after years of relatively low salaries, the temptation of big money was irresistible.

The most important people to have gone were Dave Hill, who headed Labour's media operation, and Tim Allan, deputy chief press officer at

Downing Street. Lower down are the Drapers.

A source inside one of the lobbying firms in the row was adamant there was a different culture under the Conservatives. He said he was not offering access to Mr Brown but he could, from his own knowledge of how the Chancellor thought, tell a client how best to frame his approach. The source knew what would interest Mr Brown, that was all.

A Whitehall source characterised the lobbyists as silly rather than sinister. "They are still close in a friendly way with people in Downing Street and the Treasury. They still see them socially."

"They have come a long way quickly and make a lot of money. But they have overstated their access."

"There is no sleaze, but the impression that they have left is unwelcome."



Backroom boys: Left, Roger Liddle, Downing St adviser on Europe; centre, Derek Draper, former aide of Peter Mandelson; right, Ben Lucas, News International lobbyist



## People who know people in the know in government

**R**oger Liddle. He is in charge of European affairs for Tony Blair's Downing Street Policy Unit and is a close ally of Peter Mandelson.

After the 1997 election Mr Liddle resigned as managing director of Prima Europe, a self-styled public policy consultancy, but retained a 25 per cent shareholding in a blind trust, in line with Cabinet Office rules.

He sold his stake six months ago when Prima merged with lobbyists GPC, which appointed Derek Draper a director. Until then

Mr Liddle had resisted Tory calls to sell his shares, claiming there was no conflict of interest even though Prima traded on its close understanding of the Government.

In a letter to the Guardian Mr Liddle said he would never dream of lobbying Downing Street about the effect of the windfall tax on British Gas, a Prima client.

Mr Liddle travelled a roundabout route to New Labour echelons. Having been a special adviser in the Callaghan government, he defected from Labour in 1981 to help found the Social Demo-

cratic Party. He lectured in industrial relations while sitting on Lambeth council and stood unsuccessfully for Parliament. He supported the Liberal-SDP merger, the Alliance, and then the Liberal Democrats, and wrote that party's 1995 European manifesto before defecting back to Labour.

One year later Mr Mandelson angered leftwing MPs by choosing Mr Liddle as his co-author for a book: The Blair Revolution — Can New Labour Deliver?

Mr Liddle took a tough line on parliamentary sleaze in a

1994 Guardian article: "Liberal Democrat participation in a Labour-led government can serve as a cast-iron guarantee — an insurance policy of last resort that it is in Blair's interests to offer the public — that his government will be free of the special interests in the decisions which his ministers take behind closed doors."

**D**erek Draper. He has had a meteoric ascent from being Mr Mandelson's research assistant to friend and chief adviser.

After the 1997 election he left to become a director of lobbyists, GPC, but retained his close Labour links. Clients include PowerGen, Salomon Smith Barney, and British Gas.

Mr Draper wrote a waspish but astute account of Blair's 100 Days. He now writes a weekly newspaper column headlined Inside the Mind of New Labour.

His credibility has been denied recently by a Spectator article in which he claimed Rupert Murdoch had secretly embraced the single currency — just before the

Sun attacked Mr Blair. Mr Draper founded the archetypal New Labour magazine, Progress, he is a part owner of Modern Review, and he is associated with Europe 2010, a self-styled cross-party network of the next generation of opinion formers.

Recently he was given the accolade (along with presenter Chris Evans) of being Successful Sexy by a women's magazine.

**B**en Lucas. He is a former adviser of Jack Straw when he was shadow home

secretary, a former head of research at the builders' union Ucat, and ran Mr Blair's political b-telling unit during the election.

In 1996 he took up a post as senior consultant at Lowe Bell Political while continuing as chairman of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, a soft left party pressure group.

Mr Lucas lobbied the Government, apparently unsuccessfully, over the anti-hunting bill on behalf of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

He left Lowe Bell last year to form a rival lobbying firm, Lawson, Lucas, Mandelson, whose clients include News International.

Profiles by Rory Carroll

9.00 AM

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**News in brief**

**Booth calls for equality**  
CHERIE Booth QC today calls on her male colleagues to help bring equality to the legal profession in Europe.  
Ms Booth, wife of the Prime Minister, believes too little is done to combat sex discrimination within the profession.  
Writing in The Lawyer magazine, she says that the role of women is "close to my heart". She went on: "This is not just because I am a female lawyer, but because I believe it raises fundamental questions about justice and human rights."  
She claims that across Europe almost half of legal recruits are female, but the hierarchy is male-dominated and does not take sex discrimination seriously.  
She added that this culture needed to be changed and said

"it is essential we involve men in this process".  
The editor of The Lawyer, Mary Heaney, said: "There are many women lawyers who suffer discrimination but are reluctant to report it for fear of harming their careers."

**Guinea pigs on the menu**  
A CHARITY which has been given a £295,000 National Lottery grant will use part of the cash to breed giant guinea pigs as food for Peruvian Indians, it was revealed yesterday.  
The Cusichaca Trust is working to end poverty among the mountain people of Peru by re-introducing traditional farming methods and improving water supplies.  
The Midlands-based charity will spend around £2,000 on a project to increase the farm-

ing and breeding of guinea pigs, which are a staple diet of the Peruvian Indians.  
The charity is headed by Ann Kendall, aged 59, an archaeologist from Belbroughton, Worcestershire.  
Dr Kendall said more than 5,000 people had benefited from the project, which had improved health care and water supplies by reviving indigenous practices. "It may seem strange to people in Britain, but in Peru guinea pigs are kept and killed for their meat." She said the meat tastes like a cross between chicken and rabbit.

**Man charged with murder**  
A MAN aged 18 has been charged with the murder of 11-year-old Wesley Nealey who disappeared from his home

more than a month ago, police said yesterday.  
Dominic McKilligan, from Newcastle upon Tyne, was charged with the murder at the weekend. A boy's body was found yesterday by Northumbria police.

**Wealthy women**  
THE Spice Girls and chart rivals All Saints have been beaten financially by a singer who never performs in public, a survey showed yesterday.  
Neither band made the top 10 in a list of Britain's highest paid women — but Irish star Enya's \$9.2 million earnings in the last 12 months won her the number seven slot in the Mail On Sunday list.  
The Spice Girls were at number 11, earning £5.4 million each, with All Saints

singer and songwriter Shaznay Lewis 27th on \$2.1 million and the rest of the band lagging at 45th with £1.1 million each.  
The list is headed by Mary Dobson, aged 55, co-founder of a signmaking company. Her pay packet was £29.3 million.  
Most others in the top 10 were also businesswomen.  
Other high earners included author Barbara Taylor Bradford at 12 with £4.7 million, actress Jane Seymour, 17th with £3.2 million, and the Duchess of York, described as an author/journalist, at 35 with £1.85 million.

**Two share £13m jackpot**  
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# Mellor goes on attack over call for his sacking

John Duncan

**D**AVID Mellor hit back yesterday at claims that he should be sacked as chairman of the football Task Force after players' union boss Gordon Taylor complained in writing to the Prime Minister about his stewardship of the body.

"I am aware of the Gordon Taylor letter," Mr Mellor said yesterday. "I think it's silly that if someone doesn't agree with you they should run off and call for you to be sacked."

The row relates to an article written by Mr Mellor, in a Sunday newspaper, in which he said players were not taking seriously enough their responsibilities to their communities, despite all the players being contractually obliged to do three hours of community service a week.

"Not much of an imposition surely," wrote Mr Mellor. "But we are told this provision is being honoured mainly in the breach. Most players don't want to do it and most clubs are too frightened of them to enforce it."

The article infuriated Mr Taylor who claims that, over the past five years, there have been 22,252 visits and appearances at community and charitable events by Premiership

players alone. Mr Taylor also points out that the scheme was proposed by the Professional Footballers Association as a response to the Heysel tragedy of 1985.

A spokesman for the Task Force said yesterday that Mr Mellor had never argued that all players were failing in their duty, merely that there was room for improvement and that he was keen to work with Mr Taylor on this and other issues.

However, Mr Taylor believes Mr Mellor is not an appropriate choice to head an important public body. "Can you imagine a judge, say, appointed to chair an inquiry into the public utilities and bursting into print with his prejudices long before the facts were known or the issues debated? Of course not. But Mellor appears to think that kind of conduct is good enough for football."

The attack on Mr Mellor comes at a sensitive time for the Task Force as it begins to look at commercialism, the most controversial of the topics it was asked to examine when it was created in 1987 by the Sports Minister Tony Banks. Many of those within football — exactly those who are said to be grumbling about Mr Mellor's high profile — fear that the Task Force could act as a focus for supporters' discontent at high prices and the exploitative merchandising of recent years.

Mr Mellor's sympathies are seen as being closer to supporters than many on the Task Force would wish. They would like to see a less populist, more sympathetic figure in the chair when issues such as player salaries and admission prices are discussed.

A Downing Street spokesman indicated, however, that Mr Mellor's job was safe. The former Tory minister also dismissed talk that he was about to face the sack. "This is an obsession of one journalist who does not like either me or Tony Banks," said Mr Mellor yesterday. "Every other week he is attacking one or other of us."



David Mellor: 'not suitable as head of public body'



Dancers of the Channa-Upulli ensemble, from Sri Lanka, performing at the Bradford 'Mela' this weekend. The two-day celebration of food, music and dance is the biggest Asian arts event outside the sub-continent. Channa-Upulli are appearing at the South Bank Centre in London on July 17

PHOTOGRAPH TIM SMITH

## Exports in bloom as gardeners make it big in Japan

John Ezard

**I**N A triumphant reversal of the old adage about taking coals to Newcastle, British gardeners have begun making money by selling japonica to Japan.

British varieties of the plants — first brought from Japan by botanists early last century — are part of an export boom in cottage garden flowers and shrubs to Tokyo and Osaka.

The explosion in demand is producing record numbers of Japanese buyers at the Royal Horticultural Society's flower show at

Hampton Court, London, today and tomorrow.

Japan has sent 570 trade delegates, by far its biggest turn-out at an English show. In May a British trade mission to two Japanese cities drew 1,000 buyers.

The Department of Trade and Industry said yesterday that it expected exports of Western-style garden products to Japan, now worth £1.16 billion, almost to double by 2000.

Behind the boom — fed by decades of Japanese tourism and so far undented by the yen's decline — is an apparent switch in interest,

especially among younger Japanese, from miniaturist flower and leaf displays to English pot plants, hanging baskets and outdoor private garden plots.

"Traditionally their use of plants has been completely different from ours," said Andrew Norton, a grower at East Lambrook Manor, a Grade I listed Somerset garden. "Now, although many of them live in flats, they have started terracing their balconies with plants, rather like Italian hillside."

"They go particularly for plants which soften hard outlines and can survive

temperature extremes. Some of them are now venturing out of cities and buying or renting small plots of country land. It is only recently that they have started to garden like the English."

Among their favourites are roses, white lavenders, sage, columbines, japonica and astrantia. Mr Norton said they were unfamiliar with the use of japonica as an outdoor garden plant.

The old English name for astrantia — Heather's plimchion — was now on Japanese lips, he added.

The Department of Trade and Industry's Action

Japan campaign, which organised the Hampton Court show delegation, said it was estimated that up to 38 million of Japan's 125 million population were interested in gardening — although even the word had come into widespread Japanese use only recently.

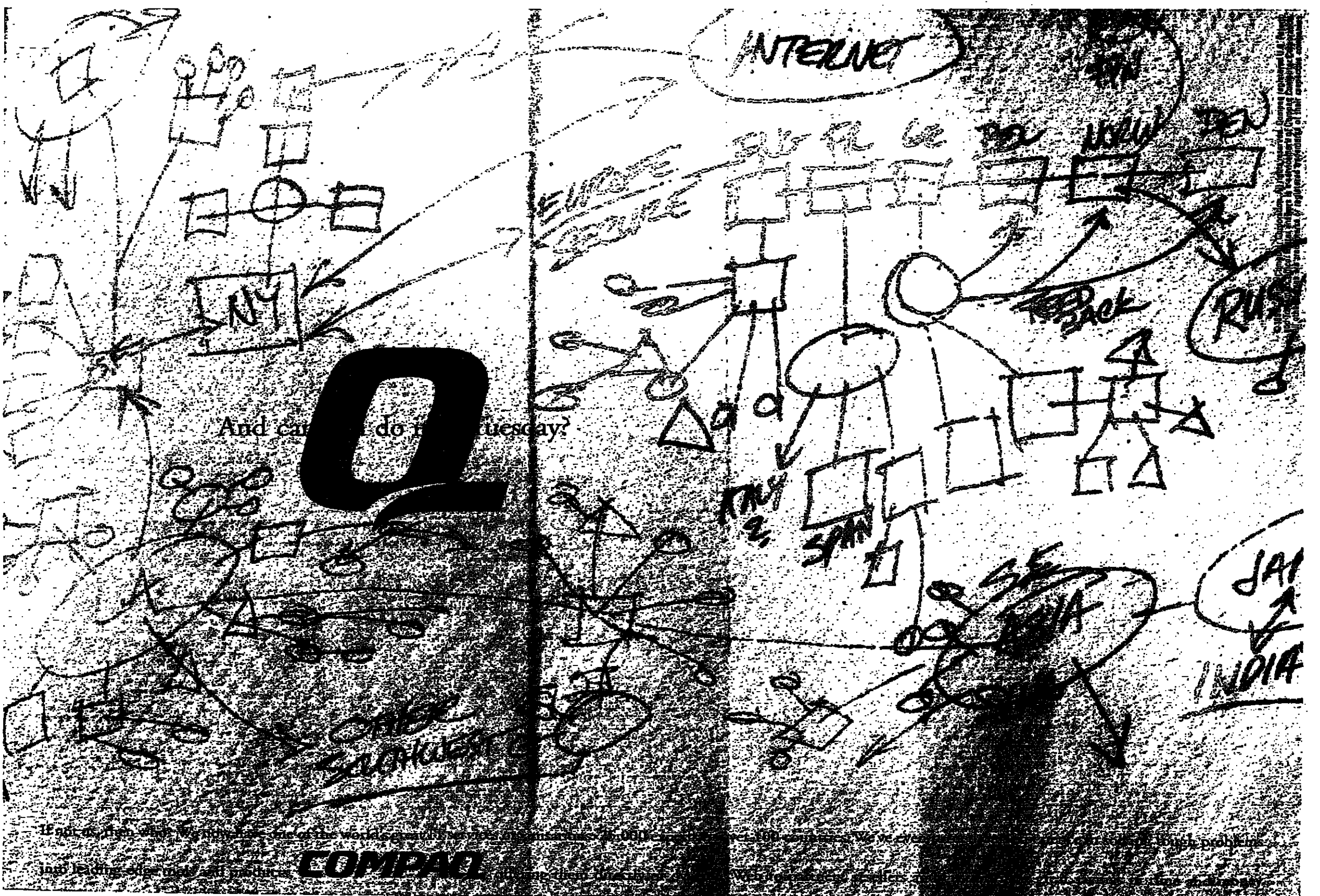
The number of public plots rented for gardening has doubled within five years. English plants are now seen alongside motorways, in parks, outside supermarkets and on many of the 200 new golf courses now being built.

British growers ship dormant plants with roots

washed clean of soil. For them, the long-term target is the £10 billion total which Japan spends on garden products, mostly from China and other Asian countries.

Mr Norton said, "It's a cautionary thought that in the past they've begun by learning things like electronics from the West — and ended up better than us."

"But I don't think that will happen in this case. They have excellent micro-propagation laboratories, they are very good at technology, but they are not so good at art and design."



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مكتبة الأصل



# Dobson affirms 'gifts' to NHS on ward round

**Martin Wainwright** hears about fresh government pledges to the health service

**P**HONE-in health advice and the promise of a cash surprise this week were the Health Secretary's birthday presents to the NHS yesterday, as he followed in the inaugural footsteps of Nye Bevan, the creator of the service.

At Trafford General, Manchester — in 1948, the first hospital to be a part of the NHS — Frank Dobson also laid ghosts from the past by dismissing hospital charges as a credible way of raising money. Serenaded by the Stretford Band, he marked the anniversary with unabashed nostalgia, meeting the NHS's first patient — Sylvia Digby, aged 13 at the

time she found Mr Bevan at the foot of her bed at Trafford General — and Caroline Meaney, a robust 74-year-old whose son Paul was born on NHS Day One.

Mr Dobson announced a £14 million extension of the free NHS Direct Helpline, following pilots in Milton Keynes, Northumberland and Preston. The round-the-clock helpline will now offer advice and nurses' referrals to 10 million people. He praised the concept as a way of modernising health-care, much as Trafford's NHS status leapt in 1948 from the old ways of the Barton-upon-Irwell Board of Guardians' hospital.

The displays at the hospital included a photograph of pre-

Bevan arrangements, that included "pot plants and a coal fire, which added a homely touch to the then accident and emergency ward". And there were dramatic results of a modern, preventative foot-scanning scheme for diabetes.

Mr Dobson rejected the idea of charges for NHS hospital treatment. Promising "good news" in a 60th anniversary cash injection statement this week, he said that having to pay for stays, ambulance trips or GP visits, would create only "a vast billing and debt-collection system".

He rejected suggestions that charges could net more than \$5 billion annually, warning that fees would damage the service's preventative



It's getting better... Frank Dobson chats to Caroline Meaney, aged 74, whose son, Paul, was born on the first day of the NHS. PHOTOGRAPH: DON McPHEE

work. "We all know that if you stick charges here and there, as some enemies of the NHS have been suggesting since before it was founded, on the day it was founded and every day since, people will

be put off and they won't get the health care they need." Instead, effort was better concentrated on initiatives such as diabetic screening and on using IT equipment to lessen the estimated £500 million

annual bill caused by patients missing appointments.

Mr Dobson was not left short of advice on Nye Bevan's trail. Nonagenarians Olive Cook and Irene James told him to look after the NHS

and give it more staff, a message repeated in a display of birthday cards from, among others, the cast of the Coronation Street, Manchester United FC and the actor Albert Finney, whose mother

was "wonderfully cared-for" at Trafford General. The controversy about closing children's facilities at the hospital, over-ruled by the Department of Health before the visit, was not revived.

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**WILLIAM Hague** and his wife Fiona yesterday, when the Tory leader appeared in public for the first time since June 18, to thank hospital staff who nursed him back to health.

Mr Hague, who had sinusitis, recorded the longest absence from the Commons for any party leader since Sir Winston Churchill.

The couple went to the Darlington Memorial Hospital, County Durham, to present staff with chocolates and flowers.

Hitting back at critics who had called him wimpy for taking time off work, Mr Hague said: "I just hope whoever says that isn't the next person to have sinusitis."

## Pork campaign 'a pig in a poke'

James Melke

**G**OVERNMENT plans to boast about the lifestyle of homegrown pigs as part of a "buy British" campaign for pork, ham and bacon were condemned by animal welfare activists last night.

Animal Aid warned of "a gross deception" of consumers as ministers prepared to urge hotels, restaurants and supermarkets to use domestic alternatives to foreign imports.

The campaign will highlight animal welfare and taste in an effort to combat the success of European Union partners, particularly Denmark and the Netherlands, in capturing nearly half the UK bacon and ham market.

Lord Donoghue, the food minister, who outlined plans to the Guardian, said: "Sometimes farmers complain over welfare constraints, which are expensive and tougher than our competitors. We should turn this on its head and say it is to our advantage — our pigs are developed in the best possible way."

The Government argues narrow stalls and tethers for female breeding pigs will soon be banned in Britain and 30 per cent of all pigs are already raised outside. They are not fed meat and bone-

meal from other animals, and are only fed antibiotics "in carefully controlled amounts". It claims voluntary farm schemes already reassure customers about animal welfare.

British bacon also tasted better, Lord Donoghue said. He blamed the present position on a "curious mixture of fashion, (foreign) advertising and a British tendency to denigrate their own product".

"We are going to do what we can," he said.

The catering trade, where British pigmeat has only about a 30 per cent market share, will be the first target at a government-organised seminar in London tomorrow. The Meat and Livestock Commission will follow up with advice for small producers and promotion campaigns.

Andrew Tyler, director of Animal Aid, said: "If the message is that British pig production is welfare friendly, it would be a gross deception. Animals still have a life of hard labour and slaughter."

"It is outrageous to spend money like this when there is no money to promote a vegetarian diet which is healthier and involves no cruelty."

His organisation says unnatural reproduction, intensive fattening of young pigs and overcrowding encourage deformities, bullying and stress among animals.

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The apeman discovers a warlike use for a bone, in Stanley Kubrick's film 2001: A Space Odyssey, which echoed the view that mankind's origins were violent

It was an incongruous setting for a dual congress of palaeontologists and biologists, but a gambling resort built under apartheid delivered a strong message on the commonality of mankind, reports David Beresford in Sun City

Theory that war is in the genes is flight of fancy

Robin McKie

**S**OUTH AFRICA is an apposite place for discussing human origins, for it has generated some of science's most sensational theorising about human nature, disputes that still reverberate around anthropology.

The focus of this furor was a discovery of hominid (human-like) remains at Taung, near Kimberley in 1924. The three-million-year-old fossil — a child's skull with jaws and teeth — was sent to Raymond Dart of Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg. He named it *Australopithecus africanus*.

This species was intelligent, made tools, and was a predecessor of all modern humans, he claimed, an idea that was ignored by the British scientific establishment, who wrongly believed that the key phases of human evolution unfolded in Europe and Asia. We now know Africa is the true home of humanity.

But some of Dart's other assertions went far beyond his meagre evidence. He concluded that the species was made up of "carnivorous creatures that seized living quarry by violence, battered them to death, tore apart their broken bodies... slaking their thirst with the hot blood of victims, and devouring living writhing flesh".

It was an almost pornographic outpouring based on interpretations of the damaged skulls and bones that were found at Taung,

and later at Makapansgat and Sterkfontein.

This was picked up in the 1960s by the American Robert Ardrey, who transformed it into a best-seller, *African Genesis*, which promoted the view that mankind's origins were violent. Far from evolving big brains and then tools, "the weapon fathered the man", Ardrey claimed.

We made stones, axes and spears and evolved big brains to use them more efficiently, a notion echoed by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke in the film 2001: A Space Odyssey. The image is clear: technology is driven by our urge to make weapons, and to murder. It suggests war is in our genes, we should feel neither guilt nor responsibility. Killing is instinctive and natural. This notion is perpetuated by modern biological determinists who believe that many human actions today are best explained as behaviour inherited from our primitive ancestors.

Yet Dart's whole edifice was based on misinterpreted evidence, as scientists have recently discovered. *Africanus* probably did not use tools, never mind weapons, and was hunted, not the hunter. The skulls and bones had been left by leopards and other predators who had brought their prey to their lairs. The Taung child was probably an eagle's victim.

Robin McKie is co-author of *African Exodus* (Jonathan Cape) with Professor Chris Stringer of the Natural History Museum.

## Scientists turn the tables on racial view of man's origins

**G**OD does not play dice, Einstein always insisted, so the clatter of roulette tables and one-armed bandits would seem a singularly inappropriate setting for a serious investigation into the origins of humanity.

On the other hand, there is a delicious irony in a casino complex which is a monument to the inmates of apartheid, held hosting a scientific gathering that has conceded one seemingly inescapable truth — the commonality of mankind.

More than 700 delegates from 75 countries concluded a unique interdisciplinary conference at Sun City in the former South African bantustan of Bophuthatswana at the weekend: a "dual congress" held by the International Association for the Study of Human Palaeontology and the International Association of Human Biologists.

For a week, surrounded by the casino's fake boulders, fake bushman paintings, rumbles of ersatz earthquakes and cries of non-existent wildlife, some of the world's top scientists argued about the accuracy of dating methods, the nebulous tendencies of "Little Foot", whose remains are the latest contender for "missing link" status, and the claim to respectability of the "aquatic ape theory", which offers, among other things, an explanation of mankind's tendency to baldness and preference for the missionary position.

But underlying the myriad riddles which are the joy of palaeontology, sits a potentially explosive issue. It was represented at the

conference by a "race questionnaire" issued to delegates. It posed the single question, whether there are "biological races within the species *Homo sapiens*".

The answer turns on a related issue which has long taxed palaeontological circles but is, with the help of biologists, in the process of being decided: the relative claims of what are known as the "Out of Africa" theory and "multi-regionalism".

The names are misleading, because most respectable scientists now accept that mankind originated in Africa 5 million years ago.

The argument turns more on which homeland of emigrants played Mayflower to the rest of the world: *Homo erectus*, who seemingly left Africa shores 1.5 million years ago, or *Homo sapiens*, who is held to have gone forth to conquer a mere 150,000 years ago, exterminating the remnants of *erectus*.

At the heart of the argument lies the question whether the racial characteristics of present-day man — notably skin colour — are the product of comparatively recent, and therefore superficial, adaptations to environment or represent a far longer and possibly more significant process of evolution.

The champion of the multi-regionalism approach was a blunt-talking Australian university professor, Allen Thorne, from Canberra. "I believe race exists," he said. "I don't think there was a second Out of Africa, because I don't think there was a new species. I think it's been the same species for the last two million years."

The Out of Africa hypothesis meant *H. sapiens* would have had to wipe out all the other hominid populations in the world — such as the Neanderthals. "Eller didn't manage that, so how does a bunch of guys with a few spears and rocks?"

Biological differences between population groups

UCLA, who discovered *Ardeipithecus ramidus*, the earliest hominid remains on record, dating back 4.4 million years. "The earliest anatomically modern people are indeed African and Middle Eastern — and date to little more than 100,000 years ago. The earliest people in Australia may be as old as 40-50,000 years."

There was growing support for this theory from genetics, Prof Stringer said.

One of the world's leading geneticists, Sir Walter Bodmer, principal of Hartford College, Oxford, and former director of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, backed them. He pointed out that gene frequency analysis in modern populations was capable of showing that in the 12th century Henry II sent Flemish workers to Pembroke to develop the area and keep out the Celts. Similar analysis of statistical patterns strongly supported

ern people, and that is Africa. The Neanderthals and their counterparts in China and Java had become extinct and, at most, "their contribution to our ancestry is very low". So-called racial features had evolved "very recently" in Europe, probably 20,000 years ago.

Underlying the riddles which are the joy of palaeontology is an explosive issue

were enormous, he insisted, and could not be accounted for by the time-spans offered by the Out of Africa theorists.

But Prof Thorne's position is becoming increasingly difficult to defend. "The Out of Africa model has substantially more support in the palaeontological community now because of the data," said Professor Tim White from

Chris Stringer, principal researcher into human origins at the Natural History Museum, London, strongly supported him.

"A million years ago there were people living in Europe, in Asia and in the Far East, but there was only one place which has a continuous line of evolution from those ancient people through to mod-

ern people, and that is Africa."

The Neanderthals and their counterparts in China and Java had become extinct and, at most, "their contribution to our ancestry is very low". So-called racial features had evolved "very recently" in Europe, probably 20,000 years ago.

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"Most of the genetic variation in human populations is found within any population, and a minority of it relates to difference between them. You can take a population of 1,000 individuals from anywhere and they will have as much variation, almost, as a population of 1,000 sampled from all over the world. The differences between populations is far less than the differences within them."

"There is no credence to a demarcation of human populations into clearly separated population groups."

## Mugabe responds to land squats with revived settlement plan

Andrew Meldrum in Harare

**P**RESIDENT Robert Mugabe's government has announced an ambitious land redistribution plan after a squating campaign by thousands of Zimbabweans.

It said last week that it intends to acquire 12.5 million acres of land for the resettlement of 100,000 peasant families during the next five years, and would hold an international conference in September to raise funds for the project, estimated to cost about £1.3 billion.

"Our hard-won peace and stability is threatened by our people's urgent need for fertile land," the minister of state, Joseph Msika, said.

"I shudder to think what the future holds for us if we do not achieve an equitable distribution of our land."

The plan was announced after thousands of peasants, frustrated by years of government inaction, began invading land owned by white farmers and claiming it for themselves.

In the past month squatting has broken out in northern, southern and central Zimbabwe. Pointing to grinding stones used by their grandmothers, and family grave sites, the peasants say the land was seized by British colonialists without compensation, and they want it back.

They have been encouraged by several speeches in which Mr Mugabe vowed that his government would get the



Zimbabweans cross a fence to squat on a farm near Marondera. PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW MELDRUM

land back without "paying a penny for the soil".

Since the country achieved majority rule in 1980, the government has resettled an estimated 70,000 families on about 7.5 million acres. But many of those resettlement projects have failed because of poor planning.

The new plan aims to resettle 100,000 families, totalling more than 600,000 people, on land bought from white commercial farmers.

Mr Msika said the government would pay only for improvements to the properties, such as dams, roads and buildings, not for the land itself.

This contradicts earlier government assurances to donors that owners would be paid the full market value of their land.

Mr Msika said the resettlement plan would go ahead with or without international assistance.

"This plan must succeed," he said. "It must benefit people of all colours in our country."

"It will be of tremendous importance for the entire southern African region, because our neighbours like Namibia and South Africa also have disturbing inequities in land which must be addressed."

"If we fail, then confusion and turmoil over land could spread throughout the region."

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The remains of a motorcycle in a charred forest in Palm Coast, Flagler county, bears witness to the ferocity of the inferno, right, that has destroyed Florida homes and wildlife. PHOTOGRAPHS: JOE CAVARETTA, above, and WINSTON LUZIER



An epic fight is raging in Florida against 2,000 blazes that have devastated half a million acres of land and forced 130,000 people to flee. **Ed Vulliamy** in Flagler Beach meets the men determined to tame the fury

## Heroes in an apocalypse of flame

IT IS a charred, lifeless moonscape: the ground brittle and littered with incinerated animals, pine tree trunks like sticks of charcoal. The only creatures that survive are insects, which take cover by crawling inside one's clothing, even into the firefighters' zipped yellow tunics.

The smoke is so thick that, until they are yards away, fire trucks screaming down the ghost roads can be seen only by their headlights. You can just about see the pallid sun in what is, above the smokescreen, a blue sky.

Ash falls like black snow, carrying with it sparks that ignite yet more wildfire. This is Backwater Trails, inland from Ormond Beach, Florida. The black snow turned suddenly to a storm of embers; the heat scorching faces as a wall of flame advanced through the trees.

Firefighters charged towards it with their jet hoses, sending onlookers packing. Mike Judd of the Ormond Beach police department later described how they had managed to "establish a fire line and defend it". This is the language of war.

The fire, and the epic fight against it, were both still raging yesterday, with 2,000 blazes incinerating nearly 500,000 acres of land in the state. 130,000 people evacuated and more than 120 firefighters injured.

Just as the flames that have caused havoc in Flagler county in recent days abated, more fires began to the south, in Volusia and in Brevard counties towards Cape Canaveral, and at a state wildlife park — further aggravating what forest rangers are calling a "wildlife apocalypse" in central Florida.

Rain was promised and did fall, but too far inland, the thunderstorms evaporating in the face of the dreaded dry sea breeze.

Daytona Beach is the mecca of stock-car racing, especially on July 4th when fans from the world over come for the raucous Winston Cup. This year the race was cancelled

and the speedway buildings and a mountain of food were turned over to shelter and feed some of those left homeless by the fire.

Accompanied by dogs and cats, they gathered around a television showing pictures of their home town, Palm Coast, straining to spot landmarks that might indicate whether their homes stood or not.

"I stayed until the last minute," said Keith White, "until the cop said to me, 'If you stay, you'll be the cheapest cremation in town.' For some the pressure was too much. Sharon Jones sat on the steps of the shelter, pulling on a cigarette. "We went to a parking lot last night... er, was that last night? Is this Saturday?"

By six that Saturday night people were expecting to be allowed home. Many had packed. Then came the announcement: "The fire threat remains too great to let people home at this time."

"Perhaps we'd better stay as long as they tell us to," said Jane Fisher, aged 80.



Soon after nightfall the speedway's next tide of inhabitants — 225 firefighters from North Carolina and the Dakotas — arrived to cheers from the evacuees. Blackened and exhausted, they lined up for showers, inspecting their donated "goodie-bags" filled with sweets, gum, fruit and clean (men's) underpants.

But despite the best efforts of the brave firefighters, the scene that will greet the evacuees when they return to Palm Coast is a desolate one. On Saturday Florida's governor, Lawton Chiles, and journalists toured the deserted streets, lined with burning for the 4th of July. "Today is better than yesterday," he said. "Today we are fighting the fire. Yesterday, we were running."

Some houses, incinerated to the ground, had collapsed into themselves. One great mansion, arched like a small cathedral, was no more than a skeleton of charred masonry. Most homes were standing, although their paintwork was gnarled and their yards full of debris. And many houses were unharmed: the fire's advance across now barren land stopped just short of the property line.

Not everybody in "empty" Flagler county had heeded the advice to flee. Up a red-dirt track off Highway One, Brad Welber, with long white beard and straw hat, watched the smoke swirling in the heavens near his small wooden dwelling. "I ain't leaving," he said, "and the more they tell me to leave, the more I ain't leaving."

His reason was the 16 thoroughbred headies he had raised in this little corner of the smouldering woods. "I can't take all of 'em, and if I go, who's gonna look after 'em?"

burned mile further on there were more people dotted about, mostly black, sitting in their yards, surrounded by parched wood-

land and subject to polite reminders from the authorities, by whom they are subjected to a nightly curfew.

Otis Brennan, sitting on a child's swing, said: "If my house burns down, who's gonna put out the fire?" The firefighters are extraordinary men. They attack advancing walls of flame which cannot be seen, hidden behind barricades of smoke in a place where day can turn to night in a matter of minutes.

And Floridians, along with the rest of the world, are just learning the central role of Native American Indians in the front line of fire-fighting. The SAS of firefighters — so good at it that they are employed by the federal government — and used all over the country — are tribesmen of the Caddo Indian reservation in Oklahoma — the "Caddo Nation Firefighters", as their caps say.

Their colleagues are awestruck by what Will Jacks, a Florida prison inmate mobilised to fight the blazes, de-

scribed as "the way they can second-guess a fire". The Caddos do that as their forefathers second-guessed wolves or buffalo.

With their long platted hair, the Caddos fanned out into the heart of a wall of thick smoke against a sudden wildfire near the Volusia-Flagler county boundary on Saturday night.

"We're called out to pick up the hot spots," said their leader, Randy Ott. "There are certain things no one will do, that we will do."

"You got to think of fire as your friend and your enemy," said one of the team, Marlin Autaubo. "He's quicker than you and you have to respect that — like you gotta watch walking on ash, because in a second that could be walking on fire. But you can tame him because you're smarter, like getting a horse on a rope."

The fire off Highway 40 is quenched, and the Caddos return, their faces blackened. "But," warned Randy, "at any time, Mother Nature can turn the fires against us again."

## Cuba pays respects to colonial masters

**Tom Gibb** in Havana reports on a ceremony to commemorate the historic naval battle that ended Spanish rule in the Americas

CUBANS have been commemorating the final naval battle of the island's independence war, which ended four centuries of Spanish rule in the Americas 100 years ago.

They have been commemorating rather than celebrating, because the war brought Cuba's first intervention by United States troops.

Friday's ceremony was held on the ramparts of the Morro castle, overlooking the scene of one of Spain's worst naval disasters. Cuban helicopters dropped wreaths into the sea to honour Spanish sailors killed in the destruction of the colonial fleet.

The guns of US battleships brought about the Spanish surrender after a long war in which Spain used concentration camps and scorched earth tactics against Cuban independence fighters, leading to the death of hundreds of thousands of civilians.

The US intervention made Spain's cause hopeless, and the armed forces sought a quick defeat at the hands of the Americans, to save face and allow them to claim that they had never been beaten by the Cubans.

Admiral Pascual Cervera was ordered to lead his squadron out of Santiago de Cuba harbour towards the waiting guns of the far more powerful US ships.

Six Spanish ships sailed out and within hours all had been sunk, destroyed or run aground. Three hundred and fifty Spaniards died, compared to one dead and two injured in the US squadron.

Cervera swam ashore and refused to surrender to the Cubans, insisting that he had been defeated by the US forces. His descendants attended the ceremony.

American school children, on the other hand, are taught about Theodore Roosevelt, who is supposed to have led a cavalry charge up a hill outside Santiago de Cuba, earning himself the US presidency.

In Cuban schools the US intervention is remembered as the start of a century of US imperialism against the island.

"The United States saw Cuba as a ripe fruit which when it was sufficiently developed — should be collected and taken over by that imperialist country," said Yaima Lopez, a 14-year-old student at the Olaf Palme school in Havana.

The US occupied Cuba for three years before giving the country a new constitution. But they preserved and used the right to intervene thereafter, and kept a naval base at Guantanamo which is still a bone of contention.

Cuban schoolchildren learn that the island was only freed by Fidel Castro's revolution in 1959 and has been fighting ever since. American school children, on the other hand, are taught about Theodore Roosevelt, who is supposed to have led a cavalry charge up a hill outside Santiago de Cuba, earning himself the US presidency.

In fact, he was a spectator for most of the battle, which almost turned into a disaster against a much smaller Spanish force.

Today Cuban efforts to play up the island's Spanish heritage and exclude the US face an uphill struggle.

There were no Spanish flags at a folk-dance evening in the main square of Santiago on Friday, but several Cubans turned up wearing stars and stripes.

## Mayor calls trial a sham

**Asghar Vahideh** in Tehran

THE mayor of Tehran, on trial for corruption and embezzlement, called his trial a sham yesterday, accusing the authorities of torturing senior municipal officials to extract false confessions for use against him.

Gholamhossein Karbaschi, whose sensational trial has gripped the country since it opened a month ago, again rejected all the charges, saying the investigation was being carried out by thugs.

"You've set up a group of 70 men, most of whom have little more than a high-school education, and put them in charge of this investigation," he said. "They take each person into a basement and emerge with a confession."

The mayor responded angrily when the judge, Gholamhossein Mohtashemi, told him to either admit or deny the allegation that he had ordered the payment of \$1.6 million to a private company without documenting or registering the transaction.

"What kind of trial is this?" he shouted. "Either read me my written order or bring me the person whom I instructed to do this. All of my files have been seized by the court, and I have nothing available to me to defend myself."

His trial is widely seen as an attempt by hardliners to topple key allies of the moderate president, Mohammed Khatami.

Mr Karbaschi read out a letter by Kamal Azimi Nia, one of his senior deputies, saying he had confessed to charges of corruption because of severe beatings in prison. — AP.

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**'The broadcasting watchdogs, burdened with dusty legislation, belong to a time when there was only BBC television and ITV and politicians were freshly paranoid.'**  
Peter Preston

**Comment, page 12**

# Hong Kong bids a fond farewell to its white knuckle ride airport

The great move from Kowloon is prompting instant nostalgia for the noisy, vertiginous flight route.  
**John Gittings reports**

THE removal vans began rolling last night — all 120 of them — in Hong Kong's great airport move. Last week's visit by Bill Clinton was a distant memory as the media and most of the public focused on the real event of the year.

As Kai Tak airport, famous for its vertiginous approach over Kowloon rooftops, shut, a fleet of trucks, barges and planes shifted vital gear and themselves to the new airport on Lantau island.

Many Hong Kong families flew out of Kai Tak during the day to spend the night elsewhere in the region — and then fly back today to the new airport. Shops in the departure area sold out as everything became a souvenir.

After the last planes had taken off, the runway lights were switched off in a ceremony shown live on all four television channels.

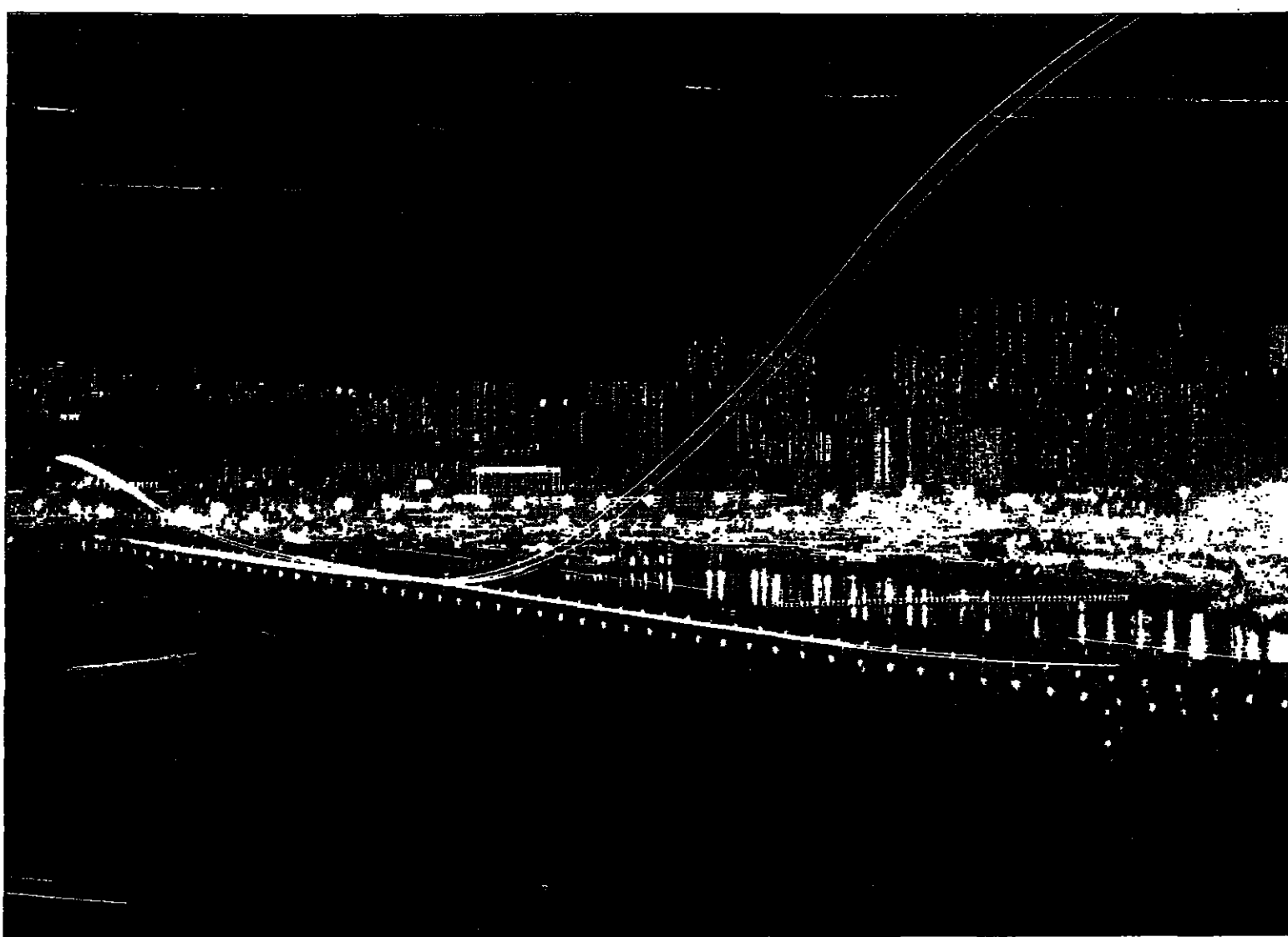
Kai Tak fever has been almost as intense as the excitement over Hong Kong's handover on July 1 last year. By comparison, the handover anniversary last week was hardly noticed.

Operation Night Move had a narrow window of opportunity: the last flight was scheduled to leave Kai Tak at 11.30pm; the first was due to arrive at Chek Lap Kok at 6.30 this morning.

A fleet of trucks and barges was needed to transport essential equipment which could not be moved earlier, including fire and rescue equipment and some massive cargo-loaders.

Thirty passenger aircraft were also moved from one airport to the other to be pre-positioned for morning flights out of Chek Lap Kok.

The earliest convoy to leave Kai Tak yesterday evening in-



Some of the final flights landing at and departing from Kai Tak airport are caught by a time-exposure photograph

PHOTOGRAPH: BOBBY YIP

cluded a squadron of motorised aircraft steps, speeding inconspicuously through urban Kowloon.

Roads were closed and police tactical units deployed to prevent crowd interference. Earlier, a senior police officer had given a solemn pledge that neither of the two chosen routes would be affected by landslides.

Kowloon residents whose lives had been made a misery by the busy flight path over their heads — which only closed for a few hours each night — said yesterday that they would miss the excitement.

Pilots who constantly made the tight "checkerboard

turn", and still had sweaty palms, told the television reports they would miss the challenge.

Ordinary users of the airport, which reached capacity 12 years ago, said they would miss it "for sentimental reasons".

Sightseers squatted on traffic islands to photograph planes as they were briefly framed in the sky between blocks of flats. In spite of police appeals, a stream of spectators flowed into every possible space around the airport.

Nostalgic archive footage on television showed the Beatles arriving at Kai Tak and trim ground staff behind

1960s-style check-in desks. There were grimmer sequences of crashed aircraft being fished out of the harbour. But only 12 serious accidents have occurred since the second world war: no plane has ever failed to complete the rooftop turn and only a few have run out of runway.

Nearly all Hong Kong's newspapers led yesterday with the Kai Tak story and they are expected to do so again today. The exception was the pro-Beijing Da Gong Bao, which led with the story of a border agreement between China and Kazakhstan.

But the Sunday Morning Post sounded a different note with a story alleging that the

government had struck a deal with contractors at the new airport to prevent public knowledge of fatal casualties among construction workers.

It said 49 workers had died since 1995 working on the \$12 billion project. The accident rate was above international standards — although it was still only two-thirds of the Hong Kong average.

Work began on the great move to Chek Lap Kok at the beginning of June. By the time it is finally concluded in early August, it will have involved more than 10,000 vehicle movements and 70 barges.

The first flight, operated by Imperial Airways, landed at Kai Tak in March 1936. Dur-

ing the war, the Japanese expanded the airport using prison labour. It was further expanded in 1954 and again in 1975, when the runway was extended into the sea to take jumbo jets. By 1995 it had become the third busiest international airport in the world, handling 29.5 million passengers.

The new airport at Chek Lap Kok has only just been completed in time. Although it has been hailed as a great engineering project, Hong Kongers will be quick to criticise any defects. The virtues of the old airport, a convenient taxi ride from the Kowloon side of the harbour, will be mourned in retrospect.

## News in brief

### Vatican aide calls for more food for Sudan

FAMINE in Sudan's southern Bahr el Ghazal region has worsened, and up to 80 per cent of people in some areas are suffering from malnutrition, the Pope's administrator for the area said in Nairobi yesterday.

Monsignor Caesar Mazzolani, who had been visiting the region's Rumbek diocese, said in a statement: "The food distributed by the United Nations World Food Programme, aid agencies and the Churches is far from being enough."

He said the WFP was able to deliver only about half the 10,000 tons of food needed each month. "The famine is now hitting hard the children, the disabled, the elderly and the lepers — those who have most difficulty in reaching the food distribution centres," he said.

"I witnessed dramatic cases of starving mothers with their children collapsing on an airstrip after walking all night — and finding that the food distribution had ended."

He said an increase in the flow of food to the famine-hit areas was urgently needed in July and August. — Reuters, Nairobi.

### Fighting flares in Bissau

FORCES loyal to Guinea-Bissau's government exchanged fire with rebel soldiers in the capital yesterday in some of the fiercest fighting since the military revolt began four weeks ago, Portuguese media said.

The news agency Lusa said a long column of black smoke could be seen over Bissau, possibly streaming from the Chinese embassy, where flammable material was believed to be stored. The embassy is near the rebel stronghold in the Bra military complex, close to the airport. Another report said the smoke might have been caused by petrol bombs.

In an interview with Lusa at the weekend, Guinea-Bissau's president, Joao Bernardo Vieira, reiterated that peace talks were conditional on a rebel ceasefire. — Reuters, Lisbon.

### Bucharest adviser arrested

A SENIOR Romanian government official was arrested for accepting thousands of dollars as a bribe from an American businessman, a local news agency reported yesterday. Petre Isac, a government adviser, is alleged to have demanded \$10,000 from Vasile Bouleanu for permission to build two water purification plants, Mediafax said.

Mr Bouleanu, a Romanian-born American, told a presidential aide, who helped to organise a sting. Police allegedly caught Mr Isac with marked notes on him. — AP, Bucharest.

### Berber protest at Arabic law

ALGERIA began enforcing a new law yesterday which makes Arabic compulsory for all official business, despite protests from the country's Berber minority. Hundreds of Berber activists took to the streets of central Algiers to denounce the policy and demand recognition of their Tamazight tongue as an official language too.

Up to 5 million Algerians are believed to be Berber-speakers, mostly in the mountainous Kabylie region in the north-east. For 30 years activists have tried to have their language given the same official status as Arabic. A hitherto unknown Berber group threatened last week to eliminate any Algerians who tried to apply the Arabisation policy. — Reuters, Algiers.

### Ronaldo craze kicks in

AT LEAST 15 boys born in the past two weeks in the southern Albanian town of Berat have been named after the Brazilian football star Ronaldo. Registrar Lumtur Dyrmlshi said he was impressed by how often the striker's name was appearing on birth certificates.

Youths in the town have also taken to wearing Ronaldo shirts and shaving their heads to imitate their idol.

Meanwhile, Thai media said eight inmates had seen their way out of a prison during the Croatia-Germany World Cup match. But the police refused to say whether the escape from the detention centre in Rayong, 90 miles south of Bangkok, occurred because guards were distracted. — Agencies, Tirana and Bangkok.

## Belgian museum exhibits a brief history of anarchy

Stephen Bates in Brussels

IN HIS large suburban house in a distinctly bourgeois part of Brussels, Jan Bucquoy, filmmaker and anarchist, is expounding his theory of revolution. It's all about underpants.

After all, this is the home of surrealism. So convinced is Bucquoy that the revolution can start from Brussels that he has opened one of the oddest museums that even Belgium has seen — in his front room. Le Musée des Underpants Museum — is meant to shock the system.

"I want to provoke the establishment, attack its power, provoke a coup d'état... it's not for tourists, it's not Magritte. Underpants are also a statement," he explained.

Bucquoy, small, plump, jolly, the author of a cult film called *The Sex Life of Belgium*, is in a line of national surrealists, stretching back to the painter René Magritte and forward to Noel Godin, the celebrated *entarteur* (pie-thrower) of Brussels whose mission in life is to land custard pies in the faces of the rich, famous and pompous.

Godin, author of *Cream and Punishment*, caught Bill Gates with a pie this year and has successfully targeted such French notables as the philosopher Bernard-Henri Levy and the late novelist Marguerite Yourcenar. Not surprisingly, he is a mate of Bucquoy and had a part in his film. For him, too, the art of the *entarteur* is a political statement.

Anyone visiting the underpants museum in Rue Nestor de Tiers on a Sunday morning — it only opens on Sunday mornings, when all good Belgians are in church — will be treated to a tour of the pants hanging framed on the walls and to some rather more direct assaults on such national heroes as the late king Baudouin and Tintin.

It has to be said that the

underpants, as worn by Belgian television presenters, singers and football coaches, are on the mundane side, as are the Y-fronts that adorn pictures of the heads of such famous Americans as Clark Gable and Abraham Lincoln.

King Baudouin, a devout and saintly figure who died in 1993, appears to arouse particular fury. He is depicted in a series of collages gazing at naked men.

Surprisingly, the current king, Baudouin's younger brother Albert does not figure in the exhibition. "I don't feel the same way about him. He rides a motorbike in his spare time," the artist said.

Tintin also comes in for a slating. He is pictured doing unmentionable things to his pet dog, Snowy.

Alas, for all Bucquoy's assaults on the system, the Belgian government and its royal family are still in place. The notorious pseudo-philosopher Marc Dutoir, now awaiting trial, has done rather more to undermine the institutions of the state by exposing the incompetence of the authorities.

"Yes, well, Dutoir represents the black side and I am the white side," Bucquoy said. "Revolution by arms is not possible but democracy doesn't offer the possibility of total change. Copernicus, Darwin, Bob Dylan — they all changed society with their thoughts. Ten people visiting here would be enough."

Unfortunately, not even the lure of free coffee and biscuits was enough to entice a single other visitor during the museum's first hour and a half of opening yesterday. The underpants revolution may have to wait a little longer.

Bucquoy offered the Guardian copies of his radical satirical magazine and a calendar of photographs of himself in a series of naked full-frontal and timescent poses, then trotted off to feed the chickens in his back garden: a very Belgian pastime.

## Aid plan adds to woes for Tajikistan poor

The old and sick are left behind by their families, reports Claudia McElroy from Dushanbe

RAISA BURIEV, a 72-year-old widow with a debilitating heart complaint, is finding it increasingly difficult to look after her son Yevgeny, who has been bedridden for the past eight years.

Their combined state pension of about 21.50 a month is barely enough to buy a pound of meat six times a week, while just one of the medications they need would cost more than 25 a week.

They have sold most of the contents of their house in the Tajik capital, Dushanbe, to make ends meet.

"Conditions here have been getting worse and worse, that's why all the family left to find better opportunities. Because of the war they never come here and they can't send any money," said Raisa, looking at a photograph of two granddaughters who left for Estonia with their mother.

On the other side of the city, Olim and Odil Saidov are also prisoners in their home. Olim, aged 41, has been bedridden since an operation on his liver left him paralysed down one side five years ago.

He is cared for by Odil, aged 62, who had both legs amputated at the thigh after a sclerotic illness led to gangrene. "The brothers' relatives have also left to seek a better life in Russia, leaving the men to survive on a state benefit of less than 21 per month."

Olim, a trained engineer like his brother, spends his days dreaming of being able to complete the projects he was working on before he became paralysed.

"I have designs for many useful projects in the villages such as flour mills and mini-hydro," he said. "Chinese investors showed interest — until the war came along."

with the aid of homemade crutches, is bitter: "What hope is there for someone in my condition?"

The answer is that there is little hope in Dushanbe, where chronic poverty among the elderly and disabled has reached epidemic proportions. Tajikistan was the poorest Soviet republic even before the outbreak of civil war in 1992 brought about the total collapse of the economy. Now about 80 per cent of the population live below the poverty line, unable to meet even their basic needs.

The elderly and disabled, whose only source of income is the state pension, are among the hardest hit by the collapse of the Soviet welfare system.

A spokesman for the charity Dilsuz (Mercy) said many elderly and disabled people were turning to charity as the only hope.

"Our caseload has multiplied four-fold over the past four years, as many people see us as their only hope. But no matter how much we do it never seems enough. Although the government says one of its priorities is to improve the social welfare of invalids, it can't do anything until the economy improves," he said.

Tajikistan was by no means the only republic that inherited a fragile economy from the Soviet Union. But its unique circumstances, including the lack of a manufacturing base and a crippling foreign debt, were compounded by a civil war and the economy went into free fall.

Since 1995 the government has been following an economic reform programme sponsored by the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank with over \$150 million in loans. The programme is aimed at bringing free-market capitalism to rapidly changing societies such as the former Soviet republics.

But the austerity measures, coupled with liberalisation of prices, have caused hardship to many people, and wages lag far behind inflation.

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It's worth a double take.

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le calls for  
for Sudan

Johnny Speight

# Life with Alf

**I** HAVE often wondered what would happen if I went up to a complete stranger in a bar and threw my drink in his face. Just what would he do? Just how would he react? So once mused the writer Johnny Speight, who has died aged 78. In fact, he spent 30 years doing something very similar — throwing his prejudices in our faces through the rambling, poisonous outpourings of Alf Garnett. Speight was always uncharacteristically modest when he discussed the belligerent, bigoted old bully. "I didn't create Alf Garnett," he said. "Society did. I just graced on him."

Speight first chronicled the doings of Alf played by Warren Mitchell, in a half-hour play in the BBC's series of one-offs, *Comedy Playhouse*, in 1964. Several wildly successful runs of *Till Death Do Us Part* and two movies later, Alf had entered the collective psyche to such an extent that a newspaper poll reported that seven out of 10 people in Britain thought he was real.

He loudly and often drunkenly voiced every revolting prejudice there was, and viewers loved him for it. No one was safe from Alf — blacks, Jews, Catholics, Liverpudlians, Irish, his neighbours. He distrusted and detested them all. No one was spared except Her Majesty the Queen, about whom Alf became misty-eyed with reverence.

This led to a somewhat ambivalent attitude towards Speight: how much was Johnny and how much was Alf? In reality, except for a shared Cockney background, they had almost nothing in common. Alf was an old-style hang 'em and fling 'em Tory. Speight was an affable, cynical ex-jazz musician with a soft stammer and an old-style Marxist outlook on life.

The son of a London dockworker, he was born in Canning Town and left school at 14. "I hated school," he said. "We used to plan escapes, or try to acquire a disease, anything to get out of school. We used to think you were lucky if you got TB."

**'You have to write all the rubbish out of yourself before you realise what writing is all about'**

ment of the war. It was the first time in my life that I had a bed to myself. Back in civvy street, Speight found work as a drummer hard to come by. While working as an insurance salesman — another job he hated because his conscience got in the way of making money — he discovered his vocation as a writer through George Bernard Shaw. "I was always reading some remark of his in the newspapers. They were always very funny and I imagined him to be a stand-up comic, like Tommy Trinder. Then looking in Canning Town public library one day, I saw this shelf of books and thought 'Christ, he writes as well! Reading Shaw was to me at that time as near as one could get to a divine revelation. It was as though a light had been turned on and every dark recess lit by sweet reason.' Speight devoured every-

thing Shaw wrote and then moved on to other authors Shaw had mentioned — Strindberg, Chekhov, Ibsen. He joined the Unity Theatre and began to write plays about the evils of capitalism and the rights of men, work he later dismissed as "a load of crap. I think you have to write all the rubbish out of yourself for five years before you realise what writing is all about."

His move into comedy writing came at a rare low ebb when a throwaway line was heard by Spike Milligan and Eric Sykes. Speight developed more humorous material and was introduced to Frankie Howard by an army friend backstage at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Howard showed some of Speight's gags to his own writers, Ray Galton and Alan Simpson, and Milligan and Sykes. Soon Speight was incorporated into a team of fertile comic-writing talents.

His work was first heard on a radio show called *Mr Ros - and Mr Ray*, starring Edmond Ros and Ray Ellington, two band leaders who, according to Speight, "not only couldn't act, they could hardly talk proper. So any big words would have been lost, not only on their audience, but on them as well. I did about five gags each show and I got about £15 a week."

He went on to write *The Frankie Howard Show* with Terry Nation and John Antrobus, and also provided material for Peter Sellers, Morecambe and Wise, Arthur Askey, Cyril Fletcher and Vic Oliver, but found himself frustrated because most comedians had characters of their own that left little scope for a writer to experiment.

All this changed when he started to work for Arthur Haynes, and in Haynes's contemptuous, know-all tramp Speight created the embryo of Alf Garnett. He wrote 500 radio and television shows for Haynes in nine years and loved the portly, beady-eyed little comic. "Haynes was one of the first truly great television comedians," he said. "With Arthur there was no over-emphasis in performance. He seemed to do it all with his eyes, and when he

**'Alf may be ignorant but he's not unusual. The world is full of Alf Garnetts'**

played a character he gave the impression that he had just walked in off the street." During the years he worked for Haynes, Speight wrote two TV plays, *The Compartment* and *The Playmates* (which won a Screen Writers' Guild Award) and a stage play, *The Knacker's Yard*. Then came *Till Death Do Us Part*, with Mitchell brilliantly supported by Dandy Nichols as Elsie, his long-suffering "silly moo" wife, Una Stubbs as daughter Rita and Anthony Booth as "Scouse git" son-in-law Mike. Alf and his family brought Speight wealth, big cars and a palatial house but he always retained something of a streetwise Jack-the-lad character. He described himself as "an egotist, a moralist, a very shy man or a very anti-social one, and a nasty bastard at times". Warren Mitchell said of him: "The height of Johnny's enjoyment of life is to actually travel on the team coach to a football match."

Weekend Television after complaints about its condescending attitude towards Pakistanis.

By the 1990s Speight was having problems with the new era of what was then called "political correctness". In 1992 the BBC pulled the plug on a six-part series of *In Sickness and in Health*, in the previous series there had been complaints about Alf's language and his attitude to lesbianism and AIDS. An irritated Speight said in 1995: "I'm looked on as a kind of dissident. There's terrible censorship now. So many subjects are taboo. It seems to me that if you want to write the truth you have to be careful not to be too truthful. You have to lie a bit. They want fiction, real fiction, now rather than face up to unpleasant facts. Cardboard characters and banality seem to be the 'in' thing."

Some intriguing projects went unrealised. One was a film he planned with Alf as a grandfather — the long-lost baby boy briefly seen in episodes in the early 1970s becomes the youngest Labour prime minister and Alf, who is discovered by the media, becomes the government's relative from hell. (Tony Booth, who had played the boy's father, is in real life Tony Blair's father-in-law).

Speight, who had a long and happy marriage and three children, regretted that there seemed no room for Alf Garnett as social mores changed. "It's been a quiet couple of years for Alf," he said recently, "but as far as I'm concerned he never died. He's a product of his background. He may be ignorant but, you know, Alf's not unusual at all. Unfortunately, the world is full of Alf Garnetts. You can't encourage racists to be any worse than they are. And the fact that you raise these points of view and make fun of them makes people more inclined to think about them. If you never mention them, they just go on."

Stephen Dixon

Johnny Speight, comedy writer, born June 2, 1920; died July 5, 1998



Speight... he once thought Bernard Shaw was a stand-up comic

PETER JONES



The lady of the lake... Mavis Guzelian (left, on the lap of a nanny) on Coniston Water as a child with her sisters

Mavis 'Titty' Guzelian

## The first swallow of summer

**M**AVIS "Titty" Guzelian, who has died aged 78, was the highly original young girl who caught the imagination of a crotchety Manchester Guardian journalist, tormented by stomach ulcers and the alienation of his own, only daughter. As a result she received the mixed blessing of becoming the "real" version of a famous children's book character — Titty, the least predictable of young sailors in the *Swallows and Amazons* adventures.

She led her own successful life, in art, medical administration and raising a family, but was always aware of her non-existent but far more celebrated counterpart. The complications were increased by the genuine emotion which Ransome put into his creation, whose model was more than passingly the daughter he never had.



Guzelian... imaginative

the Altounyans and their children — Susie, Taqui, Titty, Roger and Brigit — met up in the summer of 1928 for a long, sunny holiday in the Lake District. Irritated with the Manchester Guardian — he described its venerable editorial corridor as "hutches for rabbits, some with diseased livers and swollen spleen" — Ransome was looking for a spur to write fiction full-time. The Altounyans' children gave it to him.

He acknowledged their influence in *Swallows and Amazons*' original dedication; his young crews were based on the Altounyans, the dinghies, the Swallow and the Amazon, were copies from the real boats, the Swallow and the Mavis, which he and Ernest clubbed together to buy.

In the case of his characters Roger and Titty Ransome did not even trouble to change the names. Mavis was better known throughout her life as Titty, a nickname taken from a favourite nursery rhyme. She discovered later in life that Ransome and his second wife, Evgenia Shlephina, had asked to adopt her at the age of eight, and that the writer had always kept a portrait of her which her mother had given him instead. To her he remained "Uncle Arthur", although she confessed that fictional Titty "was so good and clever that she made me feel very inferior."

Martin Walmsley

Mavis Guzelian, painter and administrator, born May 28, 1920; died July 3, 1998

Catherine Kennedy

## Aids and comfort

**A**IDS did not touch the family or friends of Catherine Kennedy, who has died of pancreatic cancer aged 51. And as a foreigner in New Haven, Connecticut, she had no powerful patrons in the state government. As for the local gay community, they could not figure out where this strong-willed Englishwoman with short blonde hair, who loved to jog, who had no political agenda, was coming from.

So her desire to set up a residential nursing home for AIDS patients was frankly utopian. But in eight years Catherine Kennedy accomplished the impossible. In the face of rancorous politics, sexism, bureaucracy and a small group of not-in-my-back-yardism and cuts in public funding, she created the Leeway AIDS facility. Opened in 1995, it is one of the finest such facilities in the United States. And her struggle has become a case study in not-for-profit entrepreneurship at the Harvard Business School.

In 1983 her husband, the historian, Paul Kennedy, joined the brain-trust I and took up a history chair at Yale University. The move to the US involved a significant sacrifice of her own ambitions, but she took an MA in public and private management. The challenge of using the most sophisticated management tools in the public sector appealed to her.

Catherine then worked on

the implications for the insurance industry of AIDS. The industry seemed primarily concerned to exclude high-risk social and sexual categories, and she found that repellent. So she discussed with her husband in the state government. As for the local gay community, they could not figure out where this strong-willed Englishwoman with short blonde hair, who loved to jog, who had no political agenda, was coming from.

In Ronald Reagan's America, the public fear was so strong that some hospitals refused admission to AIDS patients in the state government. As for the local gay community, they could not figure out where this strong-willed Englishwoman with short blonde hair, who loved to jog, who had no political agenda, was coming from.

Catherine was the oldest surviving child of five, born in 1946, the daughter of a master's — on the Edwardian philanthropic campaign to provide meals for poor schoolchildren — two years later. In Norwich she taught, and trained as a Catholic marriage guidance counsellor.

Then came the US. Catherine Kennedy's social conscience made her a persuasive advocate for the marginalised. Her humour, religious faith, and devotion to her husband and her children made her a unique woman. Her husband and three sons survive her.

Eric Nomenberger

Catherine Urwin Kennedy, health administrator, born February 12, 1947; died June 23, 1998

Kennedy... conscience

Letter

**Isabel Adonis writes:** In your obituary of my father, the painter, art historian, teacher, novelist, anthropologist and archaeologist Denis Williams (July 4) no mention was made that he had a private life. My mother, Catherine Williams, stayed up night after night to help create the books, provided inspiration for the paintings and fed the many artists, including Wilson Harris, who lived at home. I rang my father shortly before he died, and he said of that time: "I saw everything through Catherine's eyes, she was so powerful."

A Country Diary

**THE YORKSHIRE DALES:** Baugh Fell above Garsdale — pronounced Bo Fell, like the Langdale peak — is a far bigger mountain, in area than anything in Lakeland, even falls like shapely Bowfell, its namesake. Indeed, you could probably squeeze all the Howgill fells within the area embraced by Baugh Fell, their bulky neighbour. But it's not a very high hill and, except on its steepish southern flank, a very sprawling mountain with long, rather tedious, ways to the top. I don't think I've ever met anybody up there. This time we went up from Garsdale, "the dale that died", so-called because the farms were suddenly deserted for economic reasons many years ago and now lie in ruins, with furniture, mattresses, cookers and children's toys abandoned to the elements. It was about 10 years since I had last been in

Birthdays

Dave Allen, comedian, 62; Vladimir Ashkenazy, pianist and conductor, 61; Maureen Baker, race relations and civil liberties activist, 55; David Capel, cricketer, 55; Prof Gordon Conway, president, Rockefeller Foundation, 50; Baroness Cox, nurse, 61; John Cummings, Labour MP, 55; The XIVth Dalai Lama (Gyatsi Tenzin), 63; Alan Fretchen, disc jockey, 71; Peter Gossop, baritone, 70; Geraldine James, actress, 48; Jeff King, jockey, 57; Janet Leigh, actress, 71; William McCall, trade union leader, 68; John Makepeace, furniture designer, 59; Elliot Morley, MP, minister for fisheries, 46; Mary Peters, athlete, 59; Cathryn Pope, soprano, 41; Jonathan Porritt, ecologist, 48; Sir Charles Powell, former adviser to Mrs Thatcher, 57; Nancy Reagan, former US First Lady, 75; Jennifer Saunders, comedienne, 40; Tamara Sinavskaya, operatic mezzo-soprano, 55; Betty Smith, saxophonist, singer, 65; Sylvester Stallone, film actor and director, 52.

CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

IN AN article that began on page 6 of G2, July 1, headed "The kick inside, we said, 'The murder of Tupac Shakur' was allegedly retaliation for the killing of rival rapper Biggie Smalls..." This would not have been possible. Tupac Shakur was killed on September 13, 1996, six months before Biggie Smalls, who was killed on March 9, 1997.

THE DIRECTOR of *The X-Files* is not Peter Weir, who was mistakenly credited with it in our Top-10 US film list, page 21, Friday Review, July 3. The director is Rob Bowman.

IT WAS not correct to say, as we did on page 24, July 3, that Roosevelt's presidency "ended just after the second world war victory". Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945, six months before Biggie Smalls, who was killed on March 9, 1997.

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Please quote date and page number. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor by telephoning 0171 239 5339 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Surface mail to Readers' Editor, The Guardian, 119, Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3BP. Fax: 0171 239 5897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk



# Comment

## e-mail

Jonathan Cook  
@Azraq

**E**ACH day at Azraq a modern caravan of air-conditioned coaches arrives to disgorge its Lawrence of Arabia pilgrims. They congregate around the crumbling black basalt walls of the town's castle, another brief stop on a T E Lawrence trail that also takes in Jordan's weird desert rock formations of Wadi Rum and the Red Sea town of Aqaba.

A kiosk close to the castle's large, stone doors dispenses faded postcards and overpriced drinks to these travellers of the Lawrence of Arabia. Nada, the guardian of the ruins, stands close by, equally obliging.

To anyone who cares to listen, he talks about his uncle, Mouled. Until six months ago, when ill-health forced him to retire, Mouled was guardian — and, say some, more of an attraction than the castle itself.

Although Mouled was only five in the winter of 1917, when Lawrence made the castle his headquarters and planned his campaign against the Turks, he has spent several decades vividly recounting his father's stories about the great man.

Less immediately clear today is why Lawrence of Arabia chose as his base this position deep in Jordan's eastern desert — known as Satan's desert because of its dark surface of volcanic rock. Or why, before the Ayyubids built the castle here in the 13th century, a series of settlements was established from 300 AD.

In fact, the Omayyads, Abbasids and many other long-forgotten peoples were drawn here because Azraq has the biggest oasis in this part of Jordan.

Or rather, it did. Since the 1960s the eastern desert has slowly withdrawn its precious gift.

By the early 1990s, after years of over-abstraction to feed the rapidly expanding populations in the north, the 10 square kilometres of swamp had disappeared, apart from a brief flourish each winter. This year even that meagre pool failed to appear.

**B**UT in parched Azraq hope has not drained away like the water. The town may no longer attract the thousands of migrating birds it was once famous for, but another migration — one that overshadows the trickle of tourists — has replaced it.

All day, every day, a procession of road tankers rumbles along the asphalt strip by the castle loaded with another prized liquid — black gold.

Their cargo is from Baghdad, to the east, a concession by the United Nations exempting oil-starved Jordan from observing the blockade on Saddam Hussein's Iraq, its parish neighbour.

Azraq, usefully located on the road to the country's refineries, has been one of the beneficiaries. The oasis has been reborn as a huge service station for the oil traffic, and its ruins are now crowded with filling stations and tyre shops.

This now seems to be the kind of oasis better suited to a mechanised age.

## The New Politics



## New rights for unmarried fathers will spread fear among women

Polly Toynbee



**G**OVERNMENTS can do no right when they enter the realm of the deeply personal. This week the green paper on the CSA is published, trying yet again to make fathers pay for their children. But whenever the state steps into the charged emotions of divorce and parental rights, they unleash an electric storm of random and unpredictable passion.

Even minor reforms open up the great ideological fault-line between liberals and moralisers, each seeking emblems of what kind of society we think we are. Machiavelli would have told his Prince to leave such stuff to God and the Pope: it's always a political loser.

However, Labour had no choice. The CSA is a disaster, abandoned child on the doorstep, and something had to be done, although few expect miracles. Labour has also been landed with implementing the botched divorce law, passed in the dying days of the Thatcher regime. Expect much trouble on this too.

As if that wasn't enough to be going on with, the Government is plunging into a new controversy. Last week they announced that unmarried fathers will get the same rights over their children as married men, as the Lord Chancellor's contribution to Jack Straw's demand for new ideas for the ministerial group on the family.

Any father whose name appears on the birth certificate — as they do for 80 per cent of children born outside marriage — will have automatic parental responsibility — as father's rights are called in law.

Reformers make a good case. If we want new men — fathers who take life-long responsibility for their children

— then the law must recognise their status. A third of babies are born outside marriage, but currently an unmarried father can't even stop a child being put up for adoption against his will. Is that fair? On the surface, it looks sensible. But in this emotional minefield nothing remains on the surface: it ignites explosive passions beneath.

As soon as the change was announced, groups representing women protested. One Parent Families was besieged with calls from women terrified that fathers they had successfully excluded from their lives (for good or bad reasons), would suddenly demand access and equal control over their children.

Bad men, difficult men or simply undesired men from long past relationships might turn up on the doorstep and make alarming demands. No, they were reassured. This would not be retrospective. The new rights would only apply to children born after the CSA came into effect.

One Parent Families is deeply worried that many mothers, uncertain about what relationship they want with their child's father, may decide not to put his name on the birth certificate at all — denying children the right to know who their father is. They want a compromise: any father can apply for parental responsibility, currently, so long as he is named on the birth certificate. He can sign a baby's birth certificate that they can apply for these rights. That gives the mother the chance to object in court if she wants.

The Lord Chancellor knew that mothers' groups would protest. But what came as a surprise was the outburst of indignation from the moral Right. Patricia Morgan, from

the Institute of Economic Affairs, called it another assault on marriage. "It'll tip the balance against men deciding to marry. Why marry if they have the same rights anyway? It reinforces the culture of fathering at a distance, dropping in for a bit of fathering when they feel like it," she said. The Daily Mail zapped out a leader calling it another nail in the coffin of traditional marriage. While the mothers' objections were ignored, the Government quaked before the Daily Mail.

Support for the change came only from fathers' groups. Though when you talk to some of their members, embroiled in long battles to get rights over babies against the mother's wishes, you often glimpse the darker passions involved. You understand why some mothers beg the courts to let them live in peace, some men do use rights to their children as a revenge weapon against women who rejected them.

**S**O WHY has the government recklessly plunged into all this? Announcing it a few days before the CSA green paper, it is intended to modify fathers who are angry at proposed changes. The new CSA formula will simplify the system, taking less account of men's special circumstances — rough justice, they protest. Fathers' rights are supposed to be the *quid pro quo*: if a man can be named on the birth certificate, he is entitled to a right to see his child for 16 years following a one night stand, then he should have rights to match. But mothers are appalled that a one-night-stand father might be tied to her for life.

Fathers' rights may open another can of worms, while doing nothing to diffuse anger over the CSA. There is no

easy answer, no clear justice.

Meanwhile, the Government is heading into a storm on the new divorce law with a certain insouciance. Remember, it involves all couples attending a compulsory group "information" meeting when they first seek a divorce. Geoff Hoon, the Lord Chancellor's minister, blithely announced last week that "99 per cent of those who attended a pilot information meeting found the sessions useful". Sounds good? He forgot to mention that those attending were all volunteers. Once it's compulsory, expect rage and fury. Would Margaret and Robin Cook have sat obediently, humbly in a group of other would-be divorces to be lectured to, even if the meeting is only for information on divorce?

The pilots show that by the time couples reach this stage, divorce is inevitable. A good idea, perhaps, for volunteers but compulsion is another matter. Government sources now say that they will have to return to parliament to modify this impossible law, so expect another almighty row.

There's no escaping any of this. In opposition Labour signed up for both the CSA and divorce reform, though they would have done both better themselves. Whenever these subjects are hotly discussed, everyone comes up with contradictory, but powerful, anecdotes where grave injustice has been done to one partner — it always depends whose side of the story you hear. Every case is unique, one law never fits all.

On the question of fathers' rights, the Government would do well to heed the advice of giving automatic rights to all men, and let each case be judged on its merits in the courts.

## Sleep of the brain dead

Peter Preston



**A**S WE sit down in the long, plush room our whole demeanour changes. We become suddenly earnest. We talk about difficult balances and clear responsibilities. We are anxious not to make the abnormal seem normal — nor the normal abnormal. The challenge of the future lies ahead. The need for further research has never been more evident. We are the legions of Self-Regulation.

There are a lot of us about. And very soon, it seems, there will be significantly more — as due DTI consultation periods end and a new British Internet Complaints Committee arises, supreme monitor of the web sites near you. There could be laws, indeed, there are laws of copyright and defamation. But no government these days wants to mire itself in such matters when panels of the great and good can flit fruitfully at the interface.

I served my time on the Press Complaints Commission. (Since there are already well over 50 laws restricting press activities, who on earth wants another 50 for lack of regulatory endeavour?) Now — the long, plush room bit — I'm back in that sort of environment for a seminar on the Price of Freedom, as calculated by regulators great and small from advertising, movies, newspapers and broadcasting.

A useful off-the-record occasion — but what's said is less interesting than the way it is said and the assumptions behind it. We all, for instance, believe we are doing valuable work. We are the guardians of our codes and guidelines, and therefore of society. None of us, for a second, supposes that our mission will ever end. The self-perpetuation of self-regulation is the point.

But pause. The world moves on, and we don't. The broadcasting watchdogs, burdened with dusty legislation, belong to a time when there was only BBC television and ITV and politicians were roughly persuaded by the digital future mulls — more channels than magazines on the rack in the newsagents — who wants or needs the nanny provisions of fairness and balance so that every news summary and every political discussion is a set piece constructed according to statute?

More troublingly still — to anyone who has seen and heard the explosion of local radio stations across Europe where is the continuing rationale for the detailed regulation of British local radio? Local voices, local preoccupations need to be different. Our present divide, in practice, between the solid stuff of the BBC, and the pop to the commercial stations.

Beep presenters may be permitted regional accents of course, but they're all Corporation people, bound by Victorian rules and Charter instincts. They can't stretch a debate. The context of consensus rules. Sensible, perhaps, as a modus operandi 20 years back. But not at all sensible now. Even Russian local radio is more various, maverick and stimulating than that.

A few days ago — this time squarely on-the-record — we heard again the authentic cry of the British regulator. When summer comes, so does the annual report of the Broadcasting Standards Commission. Enter its revered chair, Lady Elspeth Howe.

**L**ADY Elspeth has a niftier nose for a headline than her husband Geoffrey. Clean up your act she warns the top soaps. "Sensationalism is creeping into storylines which flout audience expectations of both characters and settings."

Beware victim TV, she tells Kilroy, Jerry, Vanessa and Oprah. A society that has long since abandoned the

stocks should think twice about the modern version, designed to titillate and entertain rather than inform. Play fair by your real life cast list, she instructs documentary-makers. "Do they always understand what they are getting into? Have they given truly informed consent?" And yes, there will be "further research".

Newspapers, who like to roast the broadcasters a little, give this stuff full weight. The commission gets an annual £2 million from Chris Smith's budget. It fielded 2,394 complaints about taste, bad language, sex and violence last year, taking an average of 80 working days to deal with them. Some of those complaints were multiple — such as the 76 about the British National Party's election broadcast. But many were purely individual. Anybody who sees something which offends them can write or call within two months to set Elspeth's Eagles flying.

If newspapers had a similar taste squad inflicted upon them, there would be instant mayhem. How can 13 commissioners (including two vicars, one barrister, one solicitor, one college principal, and one retired civil servant) pretend to represent the British taste in television? They aren't representative of anything. They need, of course, constant research to guide them — research which also, happily enough, substantiates the need for their existence.

Yet such questions aren't asked in the press and television can't or won't put them for itself. The show rolls seamlessly on. The lectures on what may or may not be shown, and when, flow without pause. Magisterial lips curl at the sight of Oprah Winfrey. Frowns follow the oddballs of Brookside to their grave.

It is, coolly considered, a



**Trouble on the Net?**  
Something to be done? Call for a vicar and a solicitor

slightly ridiculous enterprise. Round the course in 80 days. One digital day soon it may even shrivel for lack of business. (Complaints about satellite and cable are tiny because viewers don't believe about something they've "elected, and paid" to receive).

But the genuinely good, genuinely concerned ladies and gentlemen who sit around the table in The Sanctuary, SW1, will be the last to notice. Regulators never say their role has died. Regulators believe the role is an eternal flame. And politicians, of course, agree.

Why act yourself when others — for £15,000 or so — will do your work? Why encourage broadcasting, as it proliferates, to grow more like a free press? Broadcasters have to give you your interview straight on the fairness and balance criteria — and can be fairly well Elspethed if they don't.

**Trouble on the Net?** Something to be done? Call for a vicar and a solicitor and a code. Sit back and smile: problem solved for eternity. Twenty years on, some her 19th report on Internet bad language (For a letter words not acceptable on home pages, warns Lady P) and we'll all sleep safer in beds. Even if it is the sleep of the brain dead.

## Endpiece: with the zealots

Roy Hattersley



**I**N MANY ways, it was more like a revivalist meeting than a constitutional consultation. As you would expect, the affirmations of faith were made in restrained language. But the suppressed emotion was bubbling away beneath the surface. Lord Jenkins of Hillhead, the leading evangelist, has not much in common with an Old Testament prophet. But he does point a neat messianic finger. Last Wednesday — when the Independent Commission on Voting Systems met the Lon-

don public — he signified his choice of speaker by thrusting out his left arm with such sudden violence that I expected a bolt of lightning to flash across the room.

Jenkins reminded the proceedings by reminding the audience of the commission's terms of reference. Its task is to decide an alternative voting system to be offered to the electorate — not to adjudicate between what is now and what might be in the future. Even if he were so minded — which he certainly is not — he could not produce a report which recommended keeping the first-past-the-post system. So it was not clear why, half way through the evening, he asked if there were any speakers in favour of the status quo, which he is neither inclined nor entitled to support. But it was a night for enthusiasm not logic.

One devotee of change proposed that each constituency should be represented by two MPs — the candidate who topped the poll and one of the "best losers". The best losers

— defined by votes received — might not be runners up. So he suggested that names might be drawn from a hat to decide which constituency they should "represent". A retired civil servant had a better idea: Members of Parliament should have weighted votes which corresponded to the support they received at the polls. Thus in 1964 (when I entered the House of Commons) I would have been worth 16,287. By 1997 (when I left) my value would have risen to 22,116. In case his scheme seemed to lack ingenuity, he recommended that, instead of holding occasional general elections, one seat should be contested each week in a five year cycle.

Over the years, I have grown less antagonistic towards what — in an attempt to end the argument before it begins — enthusiasts for change call "electoral reform". But I am still immensely irritated by the overblown claims that are made about its benefits. Last Wednesday, a Mr Thorn-

bridge asserted that, had Britain adopted proportional representation when John Stuart Mill proposed it 150 years ago, "much of Britain's historic decline would have been averted". He was also sure that "we must start from where we are now and make sure that the best is not the enemy of the good". He did not say if a change in the voting system would reduce the incidence of clichés at public meetings.

I do not suggest that the whole evening was taken up with pompous nonsense. Though whenever I hear someone talk of "inadequacy" I reach for my thesaurus — not to find alternatives to that pretentious word but so that I have something heavy to throw at whoever used it. And too many of the "contributions" were preceded by self-conscious introductions. "Member of Charter 88 but speaking in a personal capacity" and "associated with many related organisations". However, much sense was talked about the need to

provide proper representation for women and for minorities. One of the reasons I have softened my attitude towards PR is the prospect it provides of a party which speaks for the poor.

But the real enthusiasts — the people who have been battling for PR over the years — assumed a more dubious argument. They claimed, time after time, that electoral reform would both avoid violent swings in policy ("nationalisation one year and privatisation the next") as one speaker described it) and produce a government that more closely represented the views of the people. Those objectives can only be achieved simultaneously if voters never change their minds. There was a time when nationalisation was popular. Then privatisation was in vogue. The violent swing is called democracy. An immobile pendulum gives the great and the good of the middle ground power to do what they believe is best for Britain.

Not that last Wednesday's

مكتبة الامير



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## The siege of Drumcree

Ulster must make its peace

THE scenes at Drumcree yesterday were hard to believe: a direct contradiction of everything that had seemed to go before them. Just last week the leaders of Northern Ireland had sat down together — for the first time in a generation — to form a democratic assembly of their own. A week earlier Ulster's people had voted in overwhelming numbers for politicians bent on peace and co-operation. A month before that they had delivered an equally hefty mandate for the Good Friday agreement, a plan to let the two communities live side by side. From April to May to June, Northern Ireland had seemed to be putting its bloody past behind it, and looking toward a new future.

July has begun differently, with a return to the tensions and hatreds of old. Officially, the nationalists and unionists may have found a new accommodation — but it didn't look that way in Portadown yesterday. Instead it was a return to battle stations, with a thousand Orangemen digging in for a

stand-off that could last a year — refusing to leave until they are allowed to march their traditional route from Drumcree parish church down the mainly nationalist Garvaghy Road. The barbed wire was back, along with barricades of steel and concrete. Police and troops are in flame-proof riot gear, army engineers have dug a giant trench, while armoured Army Saracens look on. The scene is set for the siege of Drumcree. If the Orangemen stay true to their word, it could yet become a Unionist Greenham Common.

So who's in the right? Mo Mowlam was asked a version of that question yesterday, and wisely dodged it. For there is no easy right and wrong at Drumcree. On the contrary, what makes it so painful is that the clash there is between right and right: it is two just causes that have collided on the Garvaghy Road.

Progressives may find the Orange Order a difficult organisation to warm to, but when the men in sashes demand their right to march, they are asserting a liberty which is as fundamental as they come. Freedom of assembly is a basic human right, no matter who wants to exercise it. Just because the marchers in this case are awkward, bloody-minded and politically unappealing does not reduce that right by one jot. We may wish they would just forget their precious

march, and let the constructive work of peace-making continue. It would certainly be more convenient. But when Orangemen say a defining part of their cultural heritage is being denied, and a basic human right blocked, all those who care about civil liberties should listen. Nor should democrats dismiss the Orangemen's rejection of the Parades Commission, which barred them from walking the Garvaghy Road. The commission is an unelected quango, and those on the liberal-left who used to condemn government-by-quango when it hurt their interests in the past should at least show some sympathy for unionists facing the same plight now.

So why don't the nationalist residents of Garvaghy Road just hold their nose, and let the Orangemen pass through for their 15-minute parade and be done with it? Because the nationalist case against the march is just as strong. Garvaghy Road is their home, not a stage for a triumphalist, sectarian show of force — which is how they view the annual Drumcree ritual. They have agreed to abide by the Parades Commission when it rules against them; all they ask now is that the Orangemen do the same. When two just causes clash, as they have here, the only answer is for sacrifice on both sides. Both communities need to realise they will never achieve their entire dream — but that

compromise is better than permanent conflict. Plenty of observers thought that moment had been reached on May 22, when Northern Ireland voted for peace. But the battle of wills now underway at Drumcree suggests that kind of accord — an agreement of the heart — is still a long way off.

## One nation?

Can Australia survive Pauline?

THE emergence of Pauline Hanson's One Nation Party has thrust Australian politics into a crisis which has significant implications for the rest of the world. It could complicate the already difficult affairs of an Asia where economic pressures are producing a sharper, more nationalist mood. And if Australia were to let slip its reputation as a country where racial and ethnic relations are sanely managed, that would have its effect, subtle or otherwise, everywhere.

The crisis in Australian politics has been postponed rather than averted by agreement on the vexed question of aboriginal title to much of Australia's land. The agreement, still not quite in the bag, means that the Prime Minister, John Howard, does not have to hold a special "double dissolution" election in which all the seats in Australia's

powerful upper house would be contested. The problems of the Australian right are huge. Their "natural" vote is split between the major conservative party, the Liberals, its junior partner, the National Party, and One Nation. Politicians in all the major parties, including Labour, are genuinely uncertain of what elections might bring. They will almost certainly bring a Labour victory, but some speculate that the polls will witness the complete destruction of the National Party in what was once its Queensland stronghold, but that as many as three party leaders could lose their seats — the National Party leader, the Labour Party leader, and even the prime minister.

One nation's nightmare future of Asian cities waxing ever larger on the coast while "real" Australians survive only in the bush, is a fantasy. But it touches the insecurities of those parts of Australian society that feel perplexed and outflanked by change. The mainstream Australian parties have in recent years all been shifting their positions to some degree on immigration, aboriginal issues. But these responses have not assuaged an angry portion of the electorate which is drawn to Pauline Hanson's simplifications. Whoever next takes office will have to try to satisfy a less deferential citizenry and one in which a substantial minority will be more openly prejudiced.

## Letters to the Editor

### Fay's way with early feminism

NANCY Banks Smith (July 3) had more fun than she expected watching Fay Weldon's Big Women.

But what was most ridiculous about it was that it was so bizarrely off-beam. Early Women's Librarians are easy to satirize: the way we sat in gloomy basements waiting in vain for needy women to drop by; the strange tolerance for interruption, complaint, craziness from other women; the earnestness of our attempts to stifle envy, egotism and exhibitionism; the energy we put into collective undertakings of whatever kind; the oddity of male friends and lovers minding our kids, even after we kicked them out of our beds or homes; the exhilaration of singing, marching and dancing — not in our shared and messy homes — but in the street or conference hall; the exclusions which such passionate bonding breeds. Not one chord was struck by Fay Weldon's feeble fantasy. Did she really miss it all? Lynne Segal, London.

ET me get this straight: in order to take them out of the ghetto, homosexuals are to have their own separate drama series on Channel 4 (Report July 3). Paul Thompson, Scane, Perth.

ELLIOTT Bignell's letter (July 3) on gender in language ignored the peculiar problem facing speakers of a language in which every noun has a gender, always expressed in the definite or indefinite article. It is all very well to say that the same terminology should be applied to a worker regardless of gender, but in French the fact that many prestigious occupations have no accepted feminine form leads to women having to describe themselves using masculine nouns (eg, a female teacher remains *le professeur*). Only the less prestigious professions have feminine forms, so a businessman's personal secretary may be *la secrétaire*, where a politician must remain *le secrétaire d'Etat*. The need for this state of affairs to be rectified in modern speech is surely evident. Alexander Jacoby, Newcastle upon Tyne.

## Catholics' test of faith

ALA Winkley of the Catholic Women's Network

Queens turns on liberal Catholics, July 2) has a distinctly pre-Vatican II understanding of Catholicism which is bound to bring a clash with today's Church and a Pope who has emphasised his worldwide role. Being a Catholic does not mean being born into a private club. The Church is a divinely-founded institution, open to all who accept its unchanging message. Simply being born into a Catholic family does not mean that whatever views you want to hold are thereby Catholic.

The successor of St Peter is perfectly entitled, according to Catholic doctrine, to assert his office and "confirm his brethren" by ensuring that the Catholic faith is taught in all its fullness and integrity. When I saw the Pope recently in Rome he delivered an excellent address and showed no sign of mental decay. His commitment to his task shows courage and faithfulness — qualities deserving of admiration and gratitude, not carping criticism. Joanna Bogie, New Malden, Surrey.

AS chairman of the annual Faith of our Fathers conference I welcome the Pope's latest letter defending the integrity of the Catholic faith against theological dissent. His clarion call is necessary to

ensure that all who hold and teach the faith do so boldly and unambiguously — preserving and passing it on intact.

Our conference has expressed the desire that anyone who is known to dissent from Church teaching on faith and morals be removed from sensitive positions and Church administration, Catholic education and from any advisory or counselling situation involving Catholics. Perhaps we are now a step nearer to seeing the achievement of that aim. Michael Akerman, Enfield, Middle.

THE reports of the Pope's letter, and reaction to it, overstate the nature of the actual document. The letter recalls a "profession of faith" for those in public office in the Catholic Church, which has been in use since 1988. The profession referred to three categories of theological truth: truths revealed by God in the Bible and in the Church's teaching tradition; beliefs which are consequences of these truths; and other matters taught by the Pope and the Bishops. The Pope's letter traces these concepts into the Church's law which predated the profession by six years. In terms of Catholic beliefs and doctrine, the letter contains nothing new. Tom Horwood, Catholic Media Office, London.

PRESUMABLY Daphne

MacLeod (Letters, July 3) is in constant contact with the thousands of Catholics in the country so that she can state with confidence that "the vast majority" will have welcomed the latest papal pronouncements? My impression was that every survey carried out showed an overwhelming majority of Catholics in favour of women priests, for example. Bernard Tucker, Old Alresford, Hants.

YOUR correspondent (July 4) praises the Protestants of Alsace for sharing their churches with Catholic worshippers. This also happens in Milton Keynes where the City Church of Christ the Cornerstone and local Christian centres are shared by several denominations. Carol Richards, Milton Keynes.

HAVE just taken part in a march of about 2,000 people which required only 10 police on duty. It was to St Cedd's church at Bradwell on the Essex marshes; the leaders of the Catholic and Protestant churches in Essex all took part. Why can't the Protestants and Catholics of Drumcree realise that their future lies together and similarly withdraw from the sterility of the past? Rev Christopher Jones, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.



## From Bash Street to Barny Army

RE Separated at birth: Ronald and Goofy (Sport, July 3): there's more to it than that. I had an e-mail from a fan via my website, pointing out his mates' comments on the likeness between Ronald and Ping from The Bash Street Kids with such accuracy.

When I created Bash Street in 1983, I was an admirer of The Goons. In creating Ping, I had in mind to make a child version of Eccles. The Goons were on radio, so their creations had no visual existence, but I reckoned that Spike Milligan had based Eccles voice on that of Goofy. So I made Ping gangly and goofy, with sticky-out teeth and ears on stalks (and smirkingly complacent in his own radiant beauty). Ronald doesn't just have the teeth —

look at his ears, and the hairless head.

I don't know anything about Ping's skills at footie — though he should be good at nodding in high centres. The Barny Army is the other comics' footnote commentary for some years sports commentators have used "Barny Army" for English fans. I created The Barny Army (a medieval army of incompetent mercenaries) as part of my creation of WHAM! for Oadams in 1984. At what point, in later years, did the phrase come to designate English fans? Did it originate from the sports media, from fanzines — or from fans themselves? Can anyone pinpoint the moment of transition? Leo Baxendale, Stroud, Glos.

## Banking on Asian crisis could cost us hard-earned friends

ALEX Brummer (Banking

Disaster, July 1) recycles the Western financial commentators' banal view of Asia as in quasi-terminal crisis, yet does not consider either the contribution which Asian investment has made to current UK and European economic prosperity, or the wider political context of the present financial market upheavals in the post-cold war process of reordering global patterns of political and economic power. It is clear that the 1997-98 financial crisis in Pacific Asia has been the subject of sharp political debate. At one extreme advocates of the US-style liberal market system have blamed the political and business elites of the region whom they have accused of organising a "crony capitalism". In reply, advocates of the particularity of the developmental experience of Asia have spoken of a Western conspiracy to undermine Asia's success. A less fevered discussion of the developmental dynamic of the region suggests that the crisis is likely to be transient within a pattern of success that has endured for 50 years. The fabric analysis of these commentators are missing the point. What is at issue is the economic and political architecture which will govern the post-cold war tri-regional global system. It would seem sensible for UK and EU governments,

whose economies have received significant Asian inward investment, to remain firm in their long-term commitment to the region because when this crisis has passed Asia will remember its friends. Dr Peter W Preston, Pacific Asia Research Centre, University of Birmingham.

AS your writers say (Boom and doom mark end of Labour's economic honeymoon, July 4), the Bank of England's big worry is earnings. When it put up interest rates last month, average earnings were rising at an annual rate of 4.9 per cent and this month reached 5.9 per cent, well above the inflation target of 2 per cent, so they'll probably put interest rates up again, and possibly tip the economy into recession. But earnings in finance rose by 10.3 per cent, in manufacturing 5.9 per cent and in the entire public sector by 2.9 per cent. Earnings of the following directors of the Bank of England rose as follows: Graham Hawker, 67 per cent; Sir David Lees, 40 per cent; and Sir Neville Sims, 28 per cent. Britain is still divided into two classes. Occasionally their interests converge, but they need different parties and different theories of economics. Dr Julian Tudor Hart, President, Socialist Health Association, Swansea.

## GMTV replies

GIOVANNI Ulleri's decision to include GMTV in his range of targets under the heading A Sleazy Affair is wholly unwarranted. Mr Ulleri attacks GMTV for broadcasting, as then, unseen footage of Louise Woodward showing him walking hand in hand with Louise Woodward. The clear implication of the broadcast, claimed Mr Ulleri, was that he was "Louise's new boyfriend" and, even worse, GMTV offered him a hand in the right of reply to this "sleazy" attack on his professional integrity. In fact, GMTV pointed out that the relationship was one of friendship. Gerard Melling, Editor, GMTV, London.

## Mob pressure

THERE was no general strike planned (Guyanese call march of defiance, June 29). In fact the Public Service Union which had threatened industrial action, decided to engage in negotiations with the Government. Regarding the allegations of fraudulent elections by the Leader of the Opposition of Guyana, all of the observer groups which monitored the general elections last December were positive in their comments. The government and people of Guyana remain concerned, therefore, over the action of the opposition to intimidate a democratically elected government. They have denounced the mobs, bomb

scars, firebombing and assaults on innocent citizens unleashed in Central Georgetown over the past week and adopted by the main opposition party. Hospitals, homes for the aged, schools including kindergartens, have not been exempt from these acts. If the opposition has any grievances, these should be channelled through the appropriate channels. The government has already conceded to have the next general elections two years earlier than required. The government has also called for dialogue between the main parties to resolve the country's domestic problems around the negotiating table rather than in open violence in the streets. We are subject to intense surveillance and detailed measurement of our

## Kate's job

IT is a strange plea for sisterhood that starts with such a vicious attack on other women. What on earth have "feminist academics" done to Linda Grant (June 30)? Have they not supplied her with lots of free information for her column? I simply do not recognise her portrait of academic feminism in any of the work carried out in my department. There are projects on health, poverty, the impact of long hours and flexible work hours on women, to name but a few. It is not possible to be a "jobs worth" academic (feminist or otherwise) in Britain in the 1990s. We are subject to intense surveillance and detailed measurement of our

productivity. Research grants and publications are assessed every four years and a minimum of four major publications must be submitted. If she really wants to understand why Kate Millett has not been offered a job in a British university she needs only to investigate this. With only one publication (however major) in the last 30 years, Kate Millett would not even get to the interview stage in today's academic job market. I am truly sorry that Kate has not had the recognition that she deserves; but blaming other feminists is not the answer. Dr Rosalind Gill, Gender Institute, London School of Economics.

Please include a full postal address. We may edit letters. The Country Diary is on Page 71.

## Anorakistan man



M AFRAID William Hague has had it. Something happened on Saturday, worse than the baseball cap, worse than the Nottingham Carnival, worse even than the absence through sinusitis, which I fear must finally rule him out as a potential prime minister. It may have been suspected already. I have seen it reported before that when only 14 Hague was having

Hansard delivered; also that he carried in that capacious head the names of all MPs, their constituencies and their majorities.

But what had not to my knowledge surfaced till Colin Hughes's profile of Hague appeared in Saturday's Guardian is that over the years he carefully logged the results of every game of Whod which he played with his Auntie May. Just imagine what will happen when that gets into the focus groups, as those clever young people in Millbank will surely see that it does. "Can't have him," they will testify in one great unanimous shout. "He's an anorak."

There was a time when an anorak meant only what old dictionaries say, as the OED puts it: a weatherproof jacket of skin or cloth, with hood attached, worn by a Greenland Eskimo, or a similar garment worn in a country other than Greenland. You look back through the Guardian of 10 years ago,

that's the sense in which it is used; and even then, quite often in terms of disparagement. You can pay a heavy price for wearing an anorak. The fall in the reputation of Robin Cook may be directly attributable less to the fact that he left his wife than to his choice of a green anorak for his remarriage. In May a man called Armand Watts was told he could not continue as mayor of Chesham because he wore an anorak in the council chamber.

And last week the co-editor of Rail Express, Murray Brown, blamed the decline of train-spotting not on the boring diesel which infest our railways now, but on the media's constant linking of train-spotting with anoraks. "It's honestly not true," he protested. "Fishermen wear anoraks, not train-spotters." I fear he has failed to spot something profoundly important. The term anorak nowadays often has little to do with the wearing of jackets of skin

or cloth. When, why and how is unclear, but at some stage over the past decade anoraks began to define not an item bought at Millers but a whole way of life — the life of the true obsessive. Anoraks in this sense do not necessarily wear anoraks. You don't need to put on an anorak, even in Weth upon Dearne, to play Whod with your Auntie May.

AN ANORAK now means someone who pursues an obsessive interest, usually involving statistics. That goes for train-spotters, certainly, but it also goes for birdwatchers, film buffs, psephologists, and the sort of football enthusiast who can tell you the Transmire Rover line-up in their match against Bradford Park Avenue in March 1929, plus the names of the referee and the linesmen. Why do we sneer at them so? Why do we seem to assume that they're in the grip of some form of illness: *anorakia nervosa* per-

haps? Unlike football hooligans, say, or the sort of young men who drive cars with defective exhausts at 55 miles an hour down the middle of village streets on a Sunday morning, exuding a bass beat so vicious that cottages tremble, anoraks do no harm. In a curious way, I suspect, we are envious. We envy their phenomenal memories, even if, given such memories, we might put them to other uses. We envy them, even more, their sense of fulfilment. A sort of dreamy content floods over them as they let their obsessions rip.

William Hazlitt knew all about that. "The power of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuit, in which our whole attention and faculties are engaged, is one of the greatest happinesses in nature," he wrote. So it's good to see in the Guardian letters column these last few days that Anoraks are fighting back. They

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# Circular walk along the Third Way



Larry Elliott

SINCE it's the examination season, here's a little paper for you on the Third Way. Imagine that you are a member of the Labour party and watching the news in 1988, when Margaret Thatcher was prime minister, Nigel Lawson was chancellor of the exchequer, and Kenneth Baker was education secretary.

The newsreader says that the crisis that began in Asia in mid-1987 has spread to Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. Mr Lawson has announced that the next stage in the Government's privatisation plan is to sell off 49 per cent of air traffic control and Mr Baker has said that McDonald's has been invited to use its business premises in schools as a partner in one of his new Education Action Zones. What is your reaction?

Remember, we are talking about 1988 not 1998, so it is no good trusting out the answers you would be expected to give today, namely that they are all evidence of the Government's fresh, dogmatic approach to running Britain.

Of course, there may be some who cannot recall 1988, which now qualifies as ancient history of the sort that is no longer relevant (a key Third Way word) to the Britain of the new millennium (ditto). History, indeed, is presumably the sort of subject that will have to show it can cut it in the marketplace to survive in the new curriculum, or at the very least adapt to changing conditions.

Under the boring old syllabus, 1988 was the year of the Tet Offensive and the assassination of Robert Kennedy; under the exciting new syllabus, children could discover that it was the year the Big Mac went nationwide across the US.

Here are some hints for those still struggling with the concept of a Third Way. The

first thing to remember is that, despite everything we now hear, the idea of a Third Way is not new.

Indeed, the Third Way bowed along quite merrily in the West for about 30 years after the second world war. At that time it was called social democracy and charted a course midway between totalitarian communism at one pole and naked free-market capitalism at the other.

The main components of the Third Way were full employment, Welfare States, strong trade unions and restrictions on capital.

The old Third Way ran into serious problems in the mid-1970s — largely but not exclusively due to the fight over income shares both within and between countries caused by twin oil-price shocks.

For 20 years, the centre of gravity in the West was close to the free-market pole. The new Third Way argues that there is no going back to the Old Third Way, but that there are problems also with the Thatcher-Reagan model of *laissez-faire*.

## The Government is like Thatcherism with extra surveillance cameras

Accordingly, the New Third Way is positioned somewhere between social democracy and neo-classicism, which means it is somewhere to the right of the Old Third Way.

It is perhaps worth looking at the assumptions that lie at the heart of the new thinking. The first is that social democracy ultimately proved to be a failure and that *laissez-faire* has broadly been a success.

Proof for this notion is pretty thin on the ground. As one economist puts it, in the past two decades the West has seen the replacement of the Golden Age with the Leadon Age.

Growth has been weaker, unemployment has been higher, inequality has widened dramatically, welfare states have been neglected. Moreover, tame financial markets have been replaced by regular and periodic bouts of intense instability, which have merely fed the desire of conservative policy-makers to pursue contractionary macro-economic policies.

There is a second, linked assumption — namely that neo-classical economists have a better understanding of the way economies work than did Keynes and his followers.

Deep down, the philosophy that underpins the new Third Way is that markets will ultimately deliver, and that intervention is best kept to a minimum. This is not to say that there should be no intervention, because there is a recognition that there may be short-term market failure which requires some remedying before equilibrium can be restored.

But Keynes's central idea — that no matter how long the time period was, a market economy might not possess adjustment mechanisms to correct the system — has been decisively rejected.

But despite the fact that the world is awash with neo-classical economists able to show with their mathematical models that markets are self-clearing, Keynes had a far better understanding of the way economies actually work.

The neo-classical model is

really based on Say's Law, which states that supply creates its own demand, and that depressions were impossible because production created income sufficient to buy everything in the marketplace. In this model, money is neutral and any increase in the money supply can only lead to higher inflation.

If all this were really true, then it is quite clear what the West should do about the incipient slump in Japan. Nothing at all.

In the end, the economy will return to full employment equilibrium and any intervention will only make the problem worse.

Is this what the West is doing? Don't you believe it. Policy-makers are dusting down their copies of the General Theory and deciding that there is something to be said for Keynes after all.

The fact that this much has been conceded suggests that serious Third Wayers might like to start exploring some of the other nostrums of neo-

classicism — that trade unions prevent the labour market from clearing, that public spending crowds out private investment, that environmental protection is a burden on business, that low taxes for the wealthy are vital for incentives.

Searching questions are already being asked in America. In his book *Plenty of Nothing*, Thomas Palley describes how the US has replaced Main Street capitalism — where benefits of economic growth were shared — with Mean Street capitalism. Palley's call is for Structural Keynesianism — a programme to restore high-wage, full employment.

There are times — rare, admittedly — when the Government seems to want to run with bits of this agenda.

Fairness at Work, for example, is a modest advance for labour, the windfall tax and the working families tax credit have made the tax system slightly less regressive, and public investment is set to double over the next few years, albeit from a pitifully low base.

For much of the time, however, the Government seems to give the impression of being Thatcherism with extra surveillance cameras.

It is unclear whether Labour is following a broadly neo-liberal agenda because it believes in it or because it feels impotent to change those who really believe in it.

Of course, there are those who feel there is a coherence to the new approach. Anthony Giddens, the Prime Minister's favourite academic, was quoted in the *Economist* recently as saying that "there was a new cultural sensibility emerging, based on the collapse of neo-liberalism and post-modernism, and the start of global cosmopolitanism."

Some of us may be ready to embrace global cosmopolitanism. But there are others — those who wonder whether global cosmopolitanism means having their children receiving lessons on the nutritional delights of a Happy Meal — who still need to be convinced.

Indeed, they may think the talk of post-modernity is the response of John Lennon who, asked what he thought of the avant-garde movement in the 1960s, replied: "Avant-garde is French for bullshit."



## Tourist rates - bank sells

Australia 2,627	Germany 2,932	Malaysia 6,57	Singapore 2,74
Austria 20,57	Greece 493,03	Malta 0,6370	South Africa 10,17
Belgium 60,59	Hong Kong 12,50	Netherlands 3,2945	Spain 247,88
Canada 2,36	India 70,45	New Zealand 3,13	Sweden 13,14
Cyprus 0,86	Ireland 1,1570	Norway 12,59	Switzerland 2,477
Denmark 11,28	Israel 5,097	Portugal 286,81	Turkey 428,180
Finland 9,01	Italy 2,902	Saudi Arabia 6,11	US 1,5142
France 9,857			

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# online

## France plays centre-forward Cup game

### Briefing

#### Peter Gaskell

IF FRANCE does not achieve World Cup triumph, it will not be for lack of effort on the part of the government. The authorities have put in a substantial financial investment over several years, aimed at adding France's name to the select band of six so far to have lifted football's biggest prize.

A combination of Cartesian logic applied to planning and preparations, plus investment carried out by an administration used to being the major player when it comes to the economy, have made the World Cup project one of the big centralised government ventures. No Millennium Dome baverings and hesitations for the French.

As if anticipating national triumph, the French economy has continued the recovery

which began in the spring of 1997, aided by a surge in exports. Policymakers expect a 3 per cent growth rate for 1998 and 1999, while even the most obdurate enemy — high unemployment — is weakening. From 12.5 per cent at the nadir of 1997, the rate was down to 11.9 per cent in May, and the OECD's Economic Outlook last month forecast 11.3 per cent for 1999.

Critics say much of the new employment has been artificially and cheaply bought, notably the creation of 100,000 jobs for young people — 50 per cent heavily subsidised.

In France, the centralising ethos that dates back to Colbert in the 17th century is alive and well, though not as dogmatically as before. Top managers trained in the grandes écoles still glide seamlessly from positions as ministerial advisers to being captains of industry.

Not surprisingly, therefore, that the French economic tradition should swing into action for the World Cup, in

the hope that this sporting big bang would boost the economy. What has been spent and what are the likely benefits?

The total cost of staging the World Cup has run to Fr4.4 billion (£940 million), of which 57 per cent has been financed by the public sector. Official figures show that the central government share amounted to Fr3.1 billion. Of that, Fr1.25 billion was spent on the new 80,000-seat Stade de France in Saint-Denis.

Central, regional and local authorities financed the bulk of the infrastructure work, leaving the French World Cup Organising Committee (the CFO) to manage the operating budget of Fr2.4 billion, made up of funds provided by sponsors (Fr900 million) and ticket sales (estimated at Fr1.5 billion). The CFO budgeted for a profit of between Fr200 million and Fr350 million.

What will be left of a more permanent nature after the tourism, travel, catering, merchandise and other receipts have been banked?

First, at a cost of Fr1.4 billion, eight regional football grounds and the Parc des Princes on the edge of Paris have been upgraded. If France were to win the Cup, it could give a big lift to the national game, boost weekly league gates, currently about 10,000, well below average for the English Premier League.

The most permanent beneficiary, however, seems to be the municipality of Saint-Denis, a traditionally poor area whose medieval cathedral was the coronation site for French kings but whose pre-

World Cup aspect was seedy, bedevilled by high unemployment and racial tension. Around the new stadium are a new sports centre, cinema complex, two new railway stations and a network of new roads. Two-thirds of the 1,500 long-term jobs created by the World Cup are in the community-run municipality. In the regional centres such as Nantes, Montpellier and Marseille, the investment promotion agency Datar has taken potential foreign investors on football-linked visits in an effort to clinch deals.

Datar claims a "positive response" but says it is too early to measure success. Experts say that, once the event is over, the boost to the economy will be no more than a blip — "too small to be measured", according to an official at the Insee national statistics agency. If France were to lift the trophy, the invisible boost to economic performance and productivity would be considerable. It would be the Le Feu factor with a vengeance. Peter Gaskell is a writer on the French economy

## Don't say the go-go's gone

### Worm's eye

#### Dan Atkinson

IF everyone is sitting comfortably, the new recession can begin. Business confidence, it seems, is integrating, the strong pound is strangling exports and the Asia crisis is already showering our islands with deadly fall-out.

For those who have endured this X film before, there will be few surprises — other than perhaps the peculiar special-effects that seem to halve the duration of each boom and double the duration of each slump.

The "go-go" years lasted a decade, 1963-73, admittedly bisected by a brief "stop" in the late 1960s. The Lawson boom lasted four years. This one has stretched back to... about the autumn of 1994.

But as noted in the Guardian in November 1992, the UK economy "is not like a maiden aunt who has got squiffy on a glass or two of dry sherry, but a

roaring drunk, staggering from binge to binge via ever-longer hangovers."

What happens now? What happens is that the good-news machine responsible for the last 18 months of vapid nonsense about Britain's "world-beating economy" goes into defensive mode. In a series of well-rehearsed stages: □ Stage One. "There is no recession." Patented by John Major, circa spring 1990, this phase involves outright denial that anything whatever is wrong. Obscure data are dredged up to "prove" that, for example, manufacturing investment is at a record. In Lincolnshire. Compared to the Sudan. In companies of fewer than 20 staff. Maybe. □ Stage Two. "Any pause will be brief and make little impact." Admit the prob-

lem, but don't use the R-word. Blame far-away foreigners. "No country is immune to the Far Eastern crisis." Blame near-at-hand foreigners. "Our partners in Europe could have adopted a more helpful and appropriate stance." □ Stage Three. Blame the economy — "Nothing could better illustrate the scale of the task facing us as we rebuild and re-equip our industry." As jobs disappear, blame industry — "It is disappointing to see short-term considerations triumph yet again." □ Stage Four. "Green shoots." Butcher's boy hired in Blandford Forum? It's the recovery! Take credit and relax for the return of Stage One. Remember: it will be back more quickly than you think.

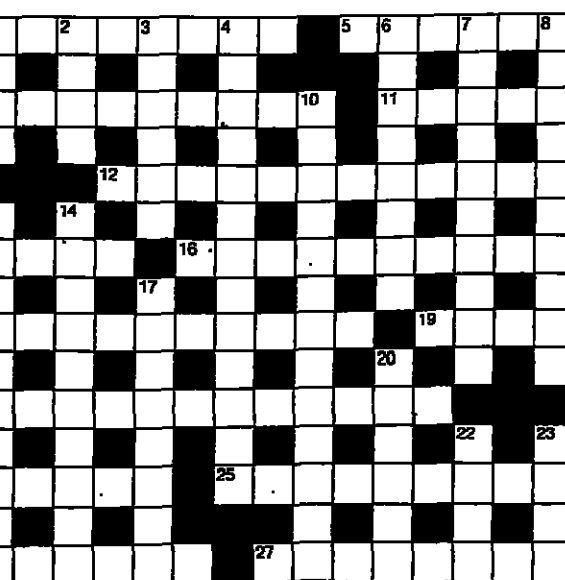
### Indicators

TODAY — UK: Industrial Production (May).  
UK: Manufacturing Production (May).  
TOMORROW — GERMANY: Unemployment rate (June).

WEDNESDAY — UK: Monetary Policy Committee Meeting (Jul).  
THURSDAY — GERMANY: Bundesbank Council Meeting.  
FRIDAY — UK: Producer Prices (Jun).  
Source: HSBC Markets Limited.

## Guardian Crossword No 21,319

Set by Auster

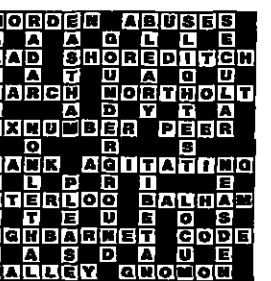


### Across

- 1 Terribly hot inside, Sam possibly will have to strip off (8)
- 5 Big star goes back inside, due to change with extra (9)
- 9 Marx set found among scattered remains of people from two continents (8)
- 11 Divine bounty in this manner of speaking (5)
- 12 Prove nothing's missing from wrecked bus station before tea break (12)
- 15 A woeful expression for a young girl to utter (4)
- 16 Cocaine detective has found in sudden enforcement of regulations (10)
- 18 Trickle of information about Goodman gets no points — its almost unheard of (5,5)
- 19 As they say, travel via the desert (4)

### Down

- 1 Mormon heartland in which he put a huge stake (4)
- 2 Ship's company given credit and two points (4)
- 3 Accused, mounting party debts (5)
- 4 Primitive or modern-day medicine men — capital follows (13)
- 6 Roundworm's mate changing into a swollen lump (8)
- 7 Fragrant timber apparently unsuitable for clogs (10)

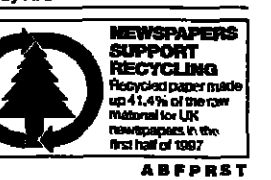


Answers on page 21,320. This week's crossword puzzle is set by Auster. The crossword puzzle is a collection of words and phrases that are hidden in a grid of letters. The words are placed horizontally and vertically, and the grid is filled with letters. The crossword puzzle is a popular pastime for many people, and it is often found in newspapers and magazines.

- 8 Leaders exchanging pounds and pennies with it for a franchise (10)
- 10 Permit to look into the main Catholic hospital and carry on after conflict (8,7)
- 13 Follow needs permit to come down in uncultivated field (6,4)
- 14 Inventories show Tom having a record — Sue is upset (10)
- 17 He swears to have seen a "dry" alcoholic compound (8)
- 20 The Queen follows, even changing a thin coat (6)
- 22 Fuzzy — not starting a fever? (4)
- 23 "Exodus" author's spoken of anachron (4)

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Every Thursday in the  
**The Guardian**

# Loyal rebel speaking from the heartlands



Our people's oversensitivity to constructive criticism from backbenchers is very short-sighted. They ought to welcome people speaking their minds.

**Peter Hetherington on an Old Labour MP who embraces Blairism but acts as a reminder of uncomfortable truths**

ON THE surface he appears the most unlikely backbench critic: a Labour traditionalist of the old centre-right, ultra-loyal with little ideological baggage, who was at the heart of Neil Kinnock's early reforms of the party machinery as long-serving chief whip. Derek Foster does not break ranks easily.

But a recent intervention at Prime Minister's question time, when he openly challenged Treasury policy and warned of "widespread dismay" about a two-speed economy in Labour's heartlands — in other words, a worrying North-South divide — sent a minor tremor through No 10.

This is hardly surprising. He was talking directly about constituencies such as Tony Blair's Sedgefield and his own in neighbouring Bishop Auckland — both dependent on a high level of manufacturing — that he said were suffering as a direct result of government policy.

He says he spoke spontaneously, from the heart, and recites the sting in the tail of that electrifying question word for word: "My right hon friend... not a little uneasy that... employment growth in areas of the highest unemployment is going to be undermined by monetary policy aimed at overheating regions (like the South-east)?"

Yet he denies there is any streak of rebellion in his Christian Socialist soul, and he is proud to recite the "S" word regularly — which emerged first in the Salvation Army over his beloved brass bands and was subsequently honed following a relatively late entry into the Labour Party after Oxford.

"A rebel? No, of course not. I surprise myself in some ways over the amount of the new agenda I am totally signed up to," he said.

But he then gives an indication of the unease among the hierarchy a few miles away over his recent — and continuing — criticism. This has intensified after publication of new figures showing that the North-east is bottom of Britain's wealth league, with income falling over the past year, against the national trend. "I think our people's oversensitivity to constructive criticism from their backbenchers is actually very short-sighted," says Mr Foster. "They ought to welcome

people speaking their minds more. We're not going to kick our own Government in the teeth. What we want is to be assured that it's addressing the problems we have to address as constituency MPs."

There is no denying Derek Foster's restlessness from his unease over the party's PR gloss — "my firm belief is that you cannot change the movement by ignoring its roots and history" — to a determination to label himself only "Labour", without that "New" prefix. He says stubbornly: "I think it is a PR device and I would rather have substance on the flesh."

It is a testing time in Labour's old heartlands. The faithful Mr Foster concedes — councillors and activists alike — are a little restless, although few will speak out. Middle England often seems another country, and politicians from its constituencies seem to speak a different language in their appeal to its inhabitants.

**'I surprise myself over how much of the new agenda I am signed up to'**

On the one hand, Mr Foster understands the need for that broad appeal. On the other, he thinks the Government is so obsessed with macro-economic policy that it is ignoring problems on the ground caused by the strong pound and rising interest rates. "Do you know that 50 per cent of the workforce in Sedgefield is employed in manufacturing (30 per cent above the national average)?" he asks.

The implication is clear. Some ministers representing northern constituencies have either a disturbingly narrow view of Britain, or they cannot see beyond London and the South-east, with its dependence on services.

But it is hard to avoid one question. Is Derek Foster's criticism not borne out of bitterness towards Tony Blair? "Absolutely not — honestly."

He was, apparently, promised a cabinet post as the price for being replaced as Labour's chief whip after almost 10 years. Yet when Mr

Blair became Prime Minister he was only offered the deputy's job to David Clark as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He at first accepted. After 36 hours he resigned. A mistake? "The more I thought about it, the more I thought it was a non-job," he recalls. "To be in the Labour cabinet was a dream, and it was dashed."

Bitter? He concedes he would be foolish to deny there were times when the episode dragged him down. "But I said to my wife there is no way I was going to let bitterness destroy the rest of my life. I had seen too many of my colleagues allowing bitterness to eat them up and make them smaller people."

So he soldiers on as chairman of the employment select committee, and insists it is providing him with one of his most fulfilling periods in parliament — although the role, inevitably, will bring him into conflict with ministers.

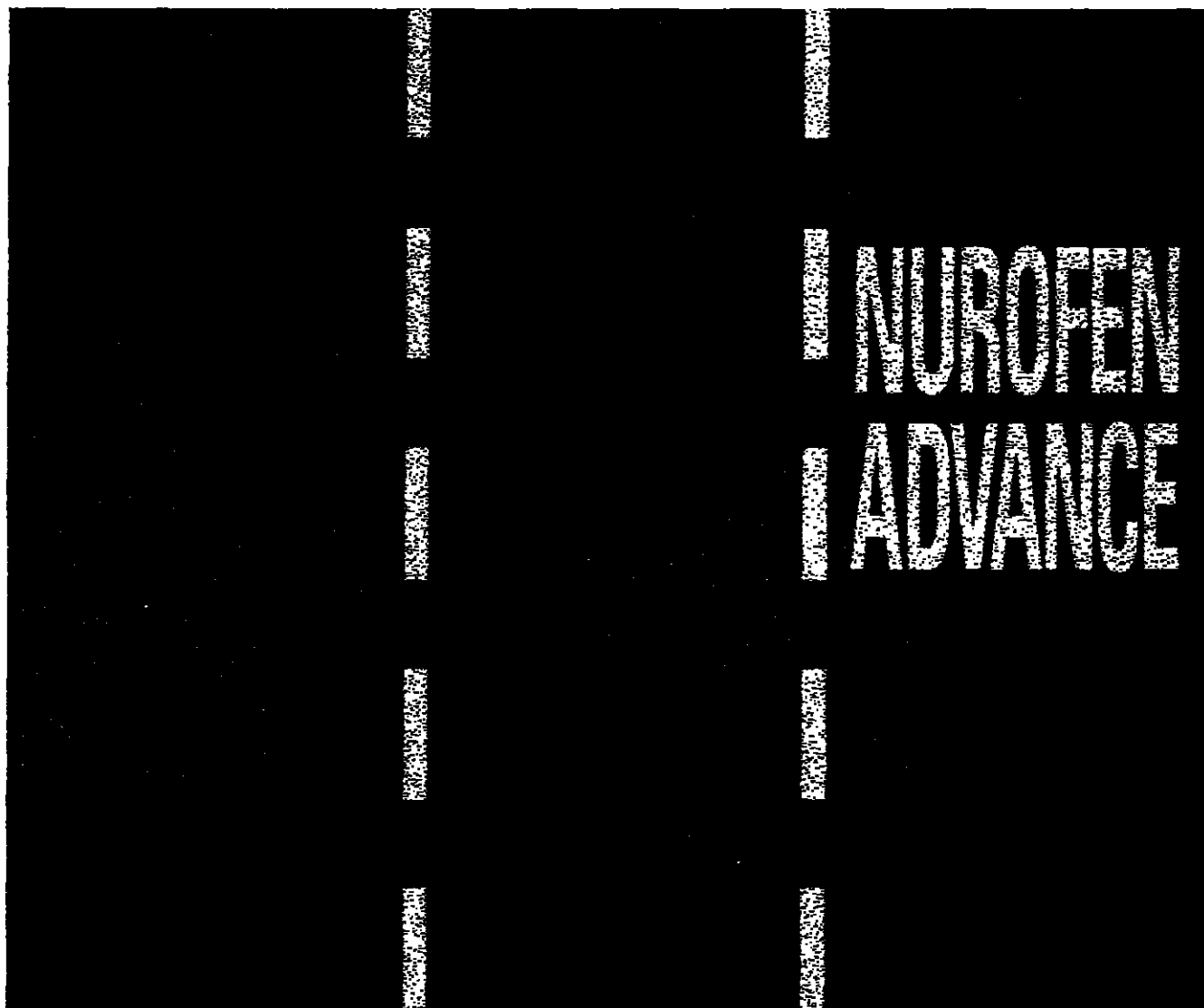
He is so near to Blairland, if not personally and politically close to the PM these days — that he even appeared in place of the Sedgefield MP at a recent local function to mark the 50th anniversary of Newton Aycliffe New Town, which the boundary commissioners took from Mr Foster at the last election.

Like Tony Blair, he was not born into the Labour movement, although he was born in Sunderland, son of a shipyard worker. His early passion, apart from football, was the Salvation Army, which he joined at the age of 12 and where he met his wife, Anne. He played the cornet in the band. ("The army is really practical socialism.")

After attending Bede Grammar School in Sunderland, he went to Oxford where he gained a second in FPE and then went to work in industry with the Michelin Tyre Company at Stoke. Eventually, he headed back to his beloved North-east where he became a youth and community worker in Co Durham, then a further education organiser and finally an assistant director of education in Sunderland. He only joined the party in 1968 and, after spells as a local councillor, became MP for Bishop Auckland in 1979.

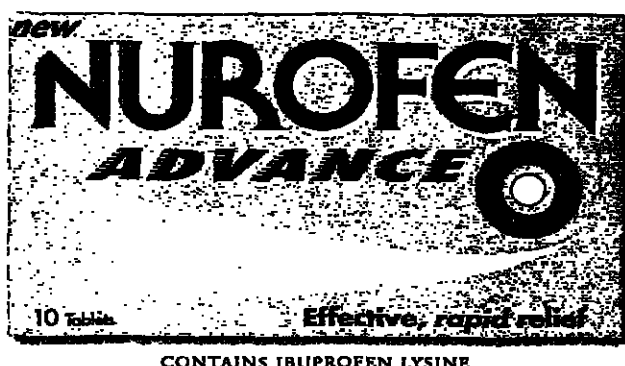
"I was not born into the Labour movement but absorbed into it, and it still moves me very deeply."

So much, in fact, that later this month he will be on the balcony of Durham's County Hotel — where countless Labour leaders have stood — cheering on the brass bands at the annual miners' gala. Few ministers will be there for an event that is Old Labour to the core. A pity, really, laments Derek Foster. Tradition is important.



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Derek Foster in 1984 with then Labour leader Neil Kinnock

## Background

**Born:** June 25, 1937, Sunderland

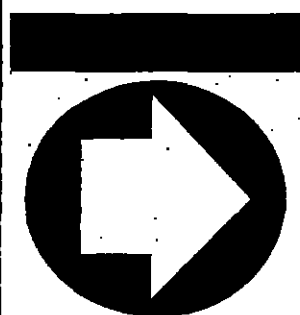
**Education:** Bede Grammar School, Sunderland; Oxford — BA (Hons) in politics, philosophy and economics

**Career:** Rep with Michelin tyres, and other spells in industry. Youth and community worker, further education organiser, assistant director of education

**Hobbies:** Brass bands and choirs; member of Salvation Army

**Politics:** Old centre-right Labour who now finds himself left of Tony Blair

**Future:** Potential irritant of Government as chairman of employment select committee. Potential leader of future North-east assembly?



**The CSA is a disastrous, abandoned child on the doorstep, and something had to be done'**  
Polly Toynbee

**Comment, page 12**

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# The Guardian Sport

Monday July 6 1998 www.football.guardian.co.uk/worldcup

**Wimbledon 98**



Made for each other... Pete Sampras kisses the singles trophy after his record-equalling victory, matching Bjorn Borg's five-time feat in the open era, on Centre Court yesterday

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVE CAULIN

## Sampras joins greats

**Stephen Bierley sees the American win his fifth title**

**W**HEN Goran Ivanisevic won the first set against Pete Sampras yesterday afternoon it seemed a clear and untroubled day might have finally dawned for the unpredictable but thoroughly congenial Croatian who enters every match with the hazard lights flashing, warning of his own self-destruction.

Had he been facing anyone other than the multi-titled and multi-talented American he might well have won his first Grand Slam and, like Jana Novotna on Saturday, made it third time lucky on Centre Court. But it was not to be, and great was the sadness both for Ivanisevic and the crowd.

This was Sampras's fifth Wimbledon singles title, equalling the open-era record of Bjorn Borg. It also places him alongside Borg and Rod Laver with 11 Grand Slam titles in total, one behind the record 12 of Roy Emerson.

Yet for all his achievements and his supreme ability, the Centre Court crowd have never completely warmed to Sampras. Perhaps he simply lacks the vulnerability that makes Ivanisevic so endearing, although on this occasion Sampras was some way short of invincibility.

These have been a difficult 12 months for him. A little of the desire has deserted him, and he has struggled to motivate himself even for those tournaments he holds most dear, namely the Grand Slams. Since beating France's Cedric Pioline at Wimbledon last year he has set points on reach the semi-finals in New

### The final analysis

Sampras	Ivanisevic
6-7 7-6 6-4 3-6 6-2	
First serve points won 55%	53%
Points won at net 74%	69%
Fastest first serve (mph) 134	124
Average second serve speed 101	

twice he drove weak backhands into the net. He will rue them to the end of his career should a Grand Slam forever elude him.

Sampras knew he had been a little fortunate, but the truism that champions make their own luck cannot be denied. For champions act instead of reacting, and when the world No. 1 — a position he secured by winning yesterday — broke Ivanisevic in the third set it appeared the end might come rather quickly.

Rarely, once he has his teeth in an opponent's throat, does Sampras loosen his grip. But he could do nothing when Ivanisevic played a quite brilliant sixth game in the fourth set.

Two fabulous cross-court passes, followed by a stunning winner down the line, left Sampras reeling and a third cross-court winner, made on the run, saw the American's serve, his trustiest of weapons, pulverised.

Before entering these championships Ivanisevic had failed to get beyond the second round of his last five Grand Slam events, going out at the first time of asking on four occasions and dropping out of the world's top 20. There were those who began to doubt whether the 26-year-old left-hander from Split would ever be a force again.

But with each victory during the past fortnight his self-belief grew, culminating in that remarkable 15-13 fifth-set semi-final victory over the former champion Richard Krajicek of the Netherlands, even though that win cost him dear yesterday in the final set when terminal tiredness set in.

Sampras, given his own implacable mental strengths in the face of adversity, was always the favourite to win the fifth set, and seized upon an errant Ivanisevic service game with something close to bestial zeal. Croatian blood

was on the court and Sampras attacked with savagery.

Two marvellously brave returns by Ivanisevic in Sampras's next service game were his last hurrah. Sampras, whose volleying had been a tough as task in the final set, held his serve when it most mattered and then finished the Croatian off almost as an afterthought.

Much of this match, like their final four years ago, was a bleak reminder that, when two servers of such great accuracy and venom meet on grass, tennis is the ultimate loser. But there was just enough internal drama on this occasion to lift the match above and beyond a mere acceft.

"I'm probably more comfortable on this court than any other in the world," said Sampras, whose days of Wimbledon glory may be far from over.

Ivanisevic, who also lost the final to Andre Agassi in 1992, left wondering if he ever wanted to return. "I feel bad for Goran," said Sampras. No doubt he meant it, but the turn of the screw had been no less relentless.

The American found it hard to come to terms with his achievement. "You never forget the first one, but it's hard to believe I've won five," he said. "It hasn't sunk in yet."

"As a kid I never thought I'd be in a position to equal Borg and thought his record would never be broken. It's overwhelming to think about myself in those terms."

Sampras offered a further consolation for the Croatian. "I feel Goran will win this one day. His game and serve are too big not to. It gets tougher every year, but he just needs a bit of luck."

Frank Keating, page 27

### « La Philosophie de World Cup »

In which two French café intellectuals chew over this week's World Cup moments. All conversations lubricated by the best loved premium beer in France.



Could it be that the fundamental nature of a nation is revealed in the penalty shoot-out?

Morning, Claude. How was your night in Nantes with Milla La Maison?

As Jim White pointed out in *The Meaning of Cantons* (Mainstream, £9.99), "The player-post will rarely prevail in an overcrowded penalty box."

So you didn't...?

And penalties were much on my mind, driving back last night. White demonstrates that, in the beautiful game, there is no closer parallel to the act of love than in the elaborate courtship dance between penalty-taker and goalkeeper.

A little far-fetched, surely. No, listen. It's precisely in the taking of penalties that a nation most intimately reveals its true character. Consider the Frenchman and his celebrated

pride in technique. He works assiduously at zonal preparation and angles of approach, boastfully calculating velocity and depth of penetration... And the goalkeeper succumbs. No, he falls asleep halfway through. The crowd's gone home and the ball's in the back of the net.

I'm not sure I dare ask you about the Italians. With the Italians, it's all over so quickly that the goalkeeper doesn't know it's happened. You surprise me. By your analogy, shouldn't he first take the goalkeeper home and introduce him to his extended family. Papa, mama, grandparents, aunts, aunts, kitchen utensils...?

Very good, patron. Of course, the penalty-takers from the naïve countries are particularly

popular with goalkeepers on account of their stamina and the faded size of their... Thank you, Claude, we've got the picture. Anyway, these days we no longer accept the concept of goalkeeper as passive object. Indeed not. Which is precisely why the modern-minded goalkeeper plays an equal part in the courtship dance. While dressing colourfully, adopting zany hairstyles and prancing about skittishly, he yet remains fully in control of his box. So how does that explain the English keeper? He looked like a bank manager with a silly moustache. Which is why they went home early. A bit like you, Claude.

Tony Blair & William Dorellson

« He works assiduously at zonal preparation »



## Road to the final



## C

P W D L F A Pts

France	3	3	0	6	9	9
Denmark	3	1	1	1	3	4
S. Africa	3	0	2	1	3	2
S. Arabia	3	0	1	2	7	1

S. Arabia 1st round

Saudi Arabia 0

Denmark 1

Attendance: 38,140

France 3

Dugan 35, 66 (og) 75, Henry 90

South Africa 0

Attendance: 60,077

France 2

McCarthy 50

Denmark 1

Nelson 13

Attendance: 35,500

France 4

Henry 35, 77, Trésaguet 69, Lizarazu 65

Saudi Arabia 0

Attendance: 75,000

France 2

Dorcas 13, Pott 58

Denmark 1

M. Lauritsen 42

Attendance: 43,500

France 2

Bartel 16, (pen) 50

Saudi Arabia 0

Attendance: 34,500

France 2

Al-Jaber 45, Al-Thayyan 67

Saudi Arabia 0

Attendance: 34,500

France 2

Müller 3, Klinsmann 65

United States 0

Attendance: 43,075

France 2

Mihailovic 73, Bierhoff 80

Yugoslavia 0

Attendance: 40,775

France 2

Saville 13, Sylvie 54

United States 0

Attendance: 44,000

France 2

Elli 40, Mahdzeki 64

United States 0

Attendance: 35,000

France 2

Klinsmann 75, Bierhoff 86

Mexico 0

Attendance: 35,000

France 2

Klinsmann 47, Petrescu 90

England 1

Attendance: 34,700

France 2

Saville 10

England 0

Attendance: 41,275

France 2

Anderson 30, Beckham 30

England 0

Attendance: 41,275

France 2

Klinsmann 47, Petrescu 90

England 1

Attendance: 34,700

## A

P W D L F A Pts

Brazil	3	2	0	1	6	3
Norway	3	1	2	0	5	3
Morocco	3	1	1	1	5	3
Scotland	3	0	1	2	6	1

Brazil 1st round

Brazil 2

Cesar Sampaio 4, Boyd (og) 73

Scotland 1

Attendance: 30,000

Brazil 2

Wendie 10, Mouton 60

Morocco 0

Attendance: 29,750

Brazil 2

Burley 67

Norway 1

Attendance: 30,250

Brazil 3

Ronaldo 11, Rivaldo 20, 80

Morocco 0

Attendance: 33,500

Brazil 1

Bebeto 75

Norway 2

Attendance: 55,500

Brazil 0

Tian 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Scotland 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 3

Bebeto 22, 84, Hadda 47

Morocco 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 1

Bebeto 75

Norway 2

Attendance: 55,500

Brazil 0

Tian 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Scotland 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 3

Bebeto 22, 84, Hadda 47

Morocco 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 1

Bebeto 75

Norway 2

Attendance: 55,500

Brazil 0

Tian 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Scotland 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 3

Bebeto 22, 84, Hadda 47

Morocco 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 1

Bebeto 75

Norway 2

Attendance: 55,500

Brazil 0

Tian 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Scotland 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 3

Bebeto 22, 84, Hadda 47

Morocco 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 1

Bebeto 75

Norway 2

Attendance: 55,500

Brazil 0

Tian 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Scotland 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 3

Bebeto 22, 84, Hadda 47

Morocco 0

Attendance: 35,000

Brazil 1

Bebeto 75

Norway 2

Attendance: 55,500

Brazil 0

Tian 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

Scotland 0

Attendance: 35,000

## B

P W D L F A Pts

Italy	3	2	1	0	7	3
Chile	3	2	0	4	4	3
Austria	3	0	2	1	3	2
Cameroon	3	0	2	1	2	2

Italy 1st round

Italy 2

Vieri 10, R. Baggio 60

Chile 1

Attendance: 31,800

Italy 2

Di Biase 45, 50

Austria 1

Attendance: 37,500

Italy 1

Vieri 70

Austria 1

Attendance: 36,000

Italy 3

Di Biase 11, Vieri 75, 80

Cameroon 0

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

Italy 1

Hasek 21

Cameroon 1

Attendance: 35,000

Italy 2

Vieri 40, R. Baggio 90

Austria 1

Attendance: 75,000

## France 98

Quarter-final: Germany 0 Croatia 3

## Croatia warn hosts with firepower as German disciplines break down

David Lacey in Lyon sees the old guard crack as the new go on to face France

Nobody ever considered the possibility of the World Cup going to Lilliput. Nice strip and national anthem, yes, but far too many Gullivers round the world for the tournament to be won by an ornamental chess set.

Now everyone knows different. By beating Germany — three times World Cup winners, three times runners-up — to reach the last four in France, Croatia have redrawn the football map.

Their 3-0 victory in Lyon on Saturday night, moreover, completed one of the most satisfying days in the competition's history. In less than seven hours the grim protagonists of the 1990 final, a cynical, foul-ridden affair between Germany and Argentina which persuaded Fifa that the sport needed to be purged of cheats masquerading as professionals, were removed by opponents playing the game the way it should be played.

In Germany's case it was more a matter of old disciplines breaking down. The dismissal of Christian Wörns five minutes before half-time for going over the top of the ball on Davor Suker swung the quarter-final in the Stade Gerland decisively in Croatia's favour.

Later Lothar Matthäus said he thought the decision would weigh heavily on the conscience of the Norwegian referee, Rune Pedersen. In fact, had Germany won, Pedersen might have reproached himself for not spotting Oliver Bierhoff's elbow in the face of Zvonimir Soldo two minutes before.

Croatia kept their heads while the Germans allowed their frustration at not being able to break down a tight, tough defence to boil over. Wörns was sent off just when Croatia, having comfortably absorbed a series of quick, aggressive but largely unimaginative German attacks, were starting to respond with something more subtle.

The shrewdness of Suker's anticipation in reading a safe, square pass from Matthäus contributed to Wörns's departure. Seeing the Croatian striker about to break through, the defender panicked and went in high. He had to go.

In the third minute of first-half stoppage time, with Germany still reorganising after the loss of Wörns, Robert Jarni collected a ball from Stanislav and chipped Andreas Köpcke was beaten by a well-struck low drive.

When a point-black shot

was blocked by Drazen Ladic

in the 54th minute Bierhoff's disbelief was picturesque. For Germany the rest was Godot-damning, the last act of a long twilight initiated by Denmark's victory against the odds in the final of the 1992 European Championship and continued through Bulgaria's elimination of Vogts's team in a World Cup quarter-final in New Jersey two years later.

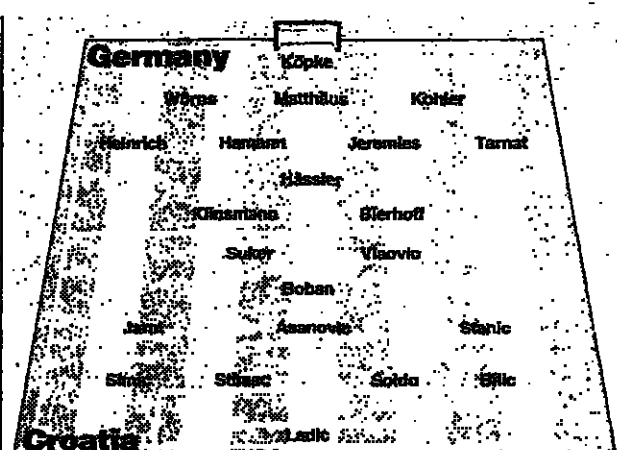
Even Germany's Euro 96 triumph, achieved by Bierhoff's golden goal against the Czech Republic in extra-time at Wembley, was just a pause in the process of decline.

Now Croatia, like Czechoslovakia in the 1962 World Cup, could appear in the final against all predictions. And like the Czechs they could find themselves taking on Brazil. But first the Croatians have to face the host country at St-Denis, an experience



Wörns off... German players gather to debate the referee Rune Pedersen's dismissal of the defender

GERARD MALE



roughly akin to taking on the National Guard during the Reign of Terror.

"The big guns don't always win," observed Suker after

only. The Croatians, on the other hand, routed Germany with a turkey shoot.

Goran Vlaovic drove on their second goal 10 minutes from time and a piece of Suker's trickery produced a third five minutes later. Not for 40 years had a German side lost by such a margin in the World Cup, France having beaten West Germany 6-3 in the 1958 semi-finals.

Vogts's Germans were left to reflect that, whereas the last time they beat the Yugoslavs in the early rounds they had won the World Cup, this time, a piece of old Yugoslavia, now a nation in its own right, had exposed their limitations. Matthäus probably blames the Ottomans.

SUBSTITUTIONS Germany: Klinsmann for Haster, Birn, Marshall for Hamann, 80. Croatia: Markovic for Vucelja, 80. S. Arabia: M. Al-Jaber for Vucelja, 80. S. Arabia: M. Al-Jaber for Vucelja, 80. S. Arabia: M. Al-Jaber for Vucelja, 80.

## Match stats

Possession 52% 48%

Attempts on target 2 6

Attempts off target 9 8

Corners 10 5

Fouls 22 31

Offsides 2 5

Bookings 2 2

Sendings-off 1 0

Germany 52% 48%

Croatia 48% 52%

Germany 2 6

Croatia 9 8

Germany 10 5



France 98

Quarter-final: Holland 2 Argentina 1

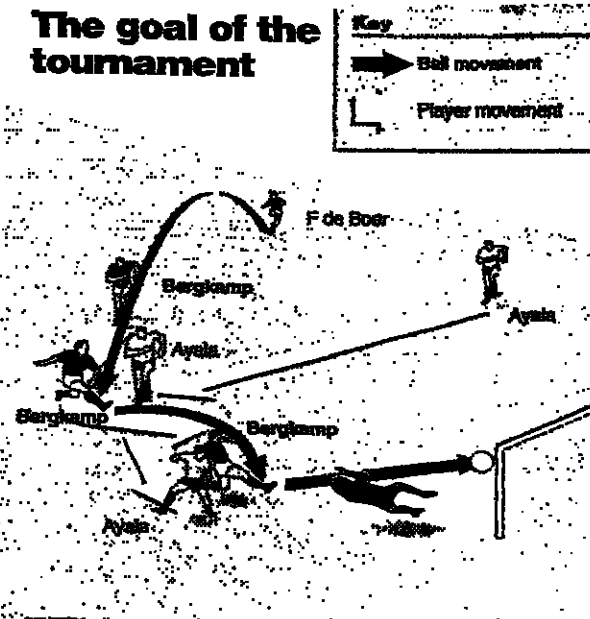
# Holland march to Bergkamp's beat



Lying in a Bergkamp wonderland... the Dutch striker goes horizontal to acclaim his magnificent late winner in Marseille

PHOTOGRAPH: ENRIQUE MARGARIN

## The goal of the tournament



**A** GOAL did not appear imminent in the 90th minute when Frank de Boer, taking a short pass in the left-back position, delivered a 60-yard punt towards Dennis Bergkamp breaking down the right wing. Only Bergkamp appeared to realise the pass's potential as he sprinted the final few yards to collect the ball on the volley and bring it under control with his right instep. Even then Robert Ayala was favourite to make the covering tackle. But Bergkamp, shaping to go on the outside, which seemed his only route to goal, instead turned inside the defender, who was sent the wrong way. The Argentinian goalkeeper Carlos Roa sensed the danger and came out to challenge, only for Bergkamp, who had swung 45 degrees to his left, to lift the ball high into the net with the outside of his right foot — only his third touch of the ball in the move.

## Richard Williams in Marseille sees a rush of blood cost Argentina dear

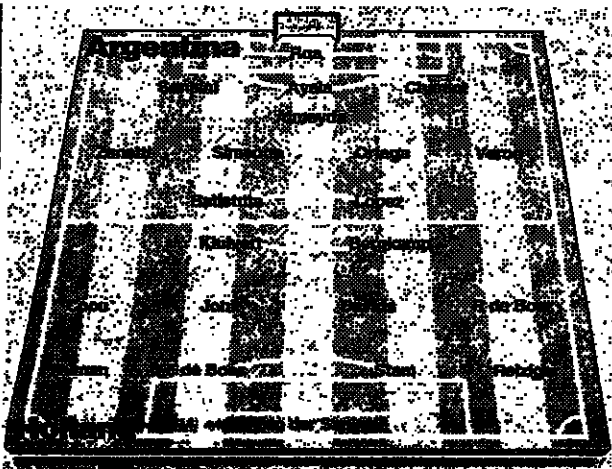
**T**HE DUTCH got their revenge for 1978 on Saturday and, even though none of their players was more than 10 years old when Daniel Passarella lifted the World Cup in Buenos Aires as Argentina's captain, don't think they didn't feel the significance in their bones. And now, after beating the Passarella-coached Argentina in a tense and turbulent game, Guus Hiddink's team will fear no one.

Not that fear is ever much of a factor in Dutch football, as they showed by the way they matched the South Americans in every department in the Stade Vélodrome, not least in a physical battle which rivalled the tactical struggle for primacy.

A game of three fine goals by Patrick Kluivert, Carlos Lopez and Dennis Bergkamp, three resounding shots that came back off the woodwork and 90 minutes of unselfish effort by every player on the pitch also contained incidents of demeaning ugliness.

The dismissal of Arthur Numan, collecting a second yellow card for a foul on Diego Simeone, reawakened the suspicions of those who felt that the Argentinian midfielder had come a penalty out of David Seaman's challenge in St Etienne last week. More significantly, the red card shown to Ariel Ortega, the most recklessly ambitious ball-player in the entire 1998 World Cup, induced sadness in the hearts of neutrals in the stadium. When Ortega took the long walk to the dressing-room under the late afternoon sun, something of football's soul went with him.

Ortega is a compulsive dribbler who sometimes gives the ball away in dangerous areas of the field and who reacts to constant fouling by exaggerating his reactions. But, if you watch football in order to be entertained and



astonished, he is your man.

Illegally harried and harassed throughout the game, Ortega kept his cool until the 87th minute, when he dribbled into the Dutch penalty area and appeared to dive over a challenge by Jaap Stam. The referee Arturo Brizio Carter instantly waved a yellow card. But when Edwin van der Sar came off his goal-line to remonstrate and stood threateningly over Ortega's prostrate form, the Argentinian reassured his machismo by leaping to his feet in such a way that the top of his head made contact with the Dutch goalkeeper's chin.

There was some contact, certainly, but not as much as Van der Sar's stricken response indicated. From the way the Dutchman reeled, you would have thought he had taken a Tyson uppercut on his jaw. It was enough to persuade the referee to follow the yellow with a red, although Van der Sar's provocation received no punishment.

And in general the Dutch were hardly innocent parties. The physically combative Edgar Davids, Ortega's most persistent tormentor, also escaped sanction. Even Bergkamp eventually found his way to the head of the queue of players lining up to kick the shin of Argentina's infuriating No. 10.

But it was Bergkamp whose cool brilliance enabled Holland to take the lead. Wim Jonk had already hit the post with a long-range drive when Bergkamp met Ronald De Boer's

lofted pass in the 12th minute with a cushioned header that invited Kluivert to clip a shot across Carlos Roa.

Three minutes later, just after Numan had attracted a caution for tripping Ortega, Lopez raced through the dispersed Dutch defence to wrongfoot Van der Sar and prod the ball between the goalkeeper's legs for the equaliser.

Ortega hit the woodwork from 25 yards just before half time and 15 minutes into the second period Gabriel Batistuta narrowly failed to register his sixth goal of the competition when he ran on to Juan Veron's perfect pass, cut inside Frank de Boer, and smashed the ball against a post with Van der Sar helpless.

During the 12 minutes in which they enjoyed numerical superiority Argentina showed the same curious reluctance to launch an all-out assault as they had against the depleted England. And with both sides down to 10 men, and only 30 seconds left on the clock, Bergkamp delivered the coup de grace when he controlled a long diagonal pass from Frank de Boer with the most delicate of touches, turned inside Roberto Ayala and used the outside of his right foot to strike the ball across Roa and inside the far angle.

**SUBSTITUTES** Argentina: Finis for Almada, 67min; Baldo for Charot, 83. Holland: Overmars for R de Boer, 63. **SCOT** over Argentina: Ortega, 17. **Holland** Numan, 78. **Goalkeepers** Argentina: Charot, 50min. **Holland** Stam, Numan. **Referee** A Brizio Carter (Mexico).

## Passarella quits with urgency

**D**ANIEL PASSARELLA, roundly criticised for his side's lack of urgency against England and Holland, has confirmed his decision to quit as coach of Argentina. Julio Grondona, president of the Argentinian FA, announced 10 days ago that officials would not try to persuade him to stay. "I didn't achieve my goal of getting us into the last four of the competition," said Passarella, whose four-year stewardship was notable for decent results — 29 wins and nine defeats — and an indecent amount of turbulence. A stern disciplinarian, he hated long hair, drug-taking and homosexuality. Defiance, too, as Claudio Caniggia discovered to his cost.

Jose Pekerman, who has coached Argentina's Under-20 team to two World Championships, is favourite to take over, though Carlos Bilardo, the 1986 World Cup-winning coach, is said to be mulling over a return.

## France 98 saint & sinner

Minute	Player	Goal
12	Dennis Bergkamp	1
17	Ariel Ortega	2
25	Dennis Bergkamp	3
45	Dennis Bergkamp	4
63	Dennis Bergkamp	5
78	Dennis Bergkamp	6
83	Dennis Bergkamp	7
87	Dennis Bergkamp	8
90	Dennis Bergkamp	9
93	Dennis Bergkamp	10
95	Dennis Bergkamp	11
97	Dennis Bergkamp	12
99	Dennis Bergkamp	13
101	Dennis Bergkamp	14
103	Dennis Bergkamp	15
105	Dennis Bergkamp	16
107	Dennis Bergkamp	17
109	Dennis Bergkamp	18
111	Dennis Bergkamp	19
113	Dennis Bergkamp	20
115	Dennis Bergkamp	21
117	Dennis Bergkamp	22
119	Dennis Bergkamp	23
121	Dennis Bergkamp	24
123	Dennis Bergkamp	25
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267	Dennis Bergkamp	97
269	Dennis Bergkamp	98
271	Dennis Bergkamp	99
273	Dennis Bergkamp	100

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## France 98

## Put your shirt on the diving championships as triple rolls take centre stage and Holland play the part of fall guys

Roy Collins

**M**ANDY Rice-Davies could offer the perfect response to the complaints of forwards, led by those of Holland, that the new FIFA edict on tackles from behind intended to aid the skilful players has in practice worked against them. Though not strictly an-

forced, the directive that violent challenges from behind, or even side-on, should draw an immediate red card has helped games to flow beyond the fondest dreams of most observers. And if any side was to benefit from this muzzling of defenders, it was surely going to be the Dutch, with players of the talents and apparent frailty of Dennis Bergkamp and Marc Overmars.

Instead, the Dutch have complained that the new ruling has seen them literally become the fall guys of diving opponents in attack and defence. They can make a reasonable claim in the case of

their striker Patrick Kluivert, sent off against Belgium because of a theatrical tumble by Lorenzo Staelens, who later apologized. And Jaap Stam was booked in Saturday's quarter-final against Argentina when Ariel Ortega pulled himself down using Stam's shorts.

Holland are on stickier ground, however, with Bergkamp, who seems to have developed a new zero tolerance to defenders' tackling since teaming up with Ian Wright at Arsenal. Having mistaken Sinisa Mihajlovic for an Arsenal player in the match against Yugoslavia, Bergkamp then

took the line of a householder justifying reasonable force against an intruder. What we must always bear in mind is that footballers approach changes in the game's laws the way accountants react to alterations in the tax laws. They are consumed with a moral duty not to comply but to seek a loophole, treating the whole thing as a manly test of their ingenuity.

Even God's messenger, the England coach Glenn Hoddle, admitted telling Michael Owen that it was his professional duty as a footballer, if not a Christian, to play for penalties and a red card for his marker. Naturally, the word cheating was not mentioned. Hoddle merely emphasised that Owen should look for the diagonal runs across defenders which would encourage the sort of tackle that normally ends in the latter's dismissal.

Given that each set of opposing players is playing to its own rules of sport, the referees have, overall, done well to

define the truth between a homicidal tackle and a diving victim. Thus Ortega was about to receive a yellow card for diving against Holland when his attempted charming of Edwin van der Sar earned him a red. Playing his part to the full, Van der Sar went down as though struck by Frank Bruno in panto mode.

What the world's papers say

## Croatian knights in a daze

Denis Staunton in Berlin, Martin Thorpe and Paddy Agnew in France

**C**ROATIA was in a state of shock, but not too shocked to celebrate as never before. In Zagreb, massed ranks of fans who had watched the game on two giant screens converged on Republic Square in a state of what one onlooker described as "euphoric disbelief".

## Golden Boot

Battistuta (Argentina)	5
Vieri (Italy)	5
Hernandez (Mexico)	4
Salas (Chile)	4
Suker (Croatia)	4
Bergkamp (Holland)	3
Bierhoff (Germany)	3
Cesar Sampaio (Brazil)	3
Henry (France)	3
Klinsmann (Germany)	3
Rivaldo (Brazil)	3
Ronaldo (Brazil)	3

round of gunshots had rung in the people's ears as they fought a war they did not want. Now the same sounds mingled with car horns all around the square in honour of an improbable victory.

As more than 100,000 gathered in the main square, they kissed and hugged friends and strangers alike, dancing in the fountains until dawn. The president Franjo Tudman acknowledged the power of victory over Germany to put his emerging country on the map. "The Croatia knights have shown their strength," he said. "This is a day which raises the profile of Croatia in

Europe and the world." Even Croatia's coach Miroslav Blazevic was happy to acknowledge the power of change. During the team's bad times his slightly effeminate manner had prompted the supporters to chant "poof, poof". Yesterday the coach was in forgiving mood. "I'm very pleased I'm not gay any more," he said. "Now I'm maestro."

Before the game the Croatia team had been told that their challenge was being belittled in German newspapers. "Thanks to Bert Vogt for the best motivation, saying we are only a small country," said Davor Suker afterwards. "What is he going to say now when it is 3-0?"

In the German media now there is soul-searching and scapegoat-hunting. Some commentators simply concluded that the squad were no longer strong enough. Others, such as the Berlin tabloid BZ, put the blame elsewhere.

"It was our best game in this World Cup... it became our greatest debate since 1958. And the whole of Germany is furious with one man: referee Rune Pedersen. He showed Worms the red card and hurled our XI towards ruin," the paper said.

For Bild am Sonntag the result was no surprise. "What was the best in the preliminary rounds and against Mexico was simply confirmed against Croatia: the typical, highly-praised German virtues of determination, aggression, strength and athleticism are no longer sufficient in World Cup football to make up for tactical deficiencies. The English can look to a rosy future. The Germans

have a super past, but the future? Despite the European Championship win two years ago, do Germany still even count among the greats?" There were no rotten tomatoes for Italy's fallen heroes at Milan airport but elimination by France has prompted speculation about the coach Cesare Maldini, despite a vote of confidence from the president of the Italian federation, Luciano Nizzola.

La Repubblica said: "Let's admit one thing: France did everything to win, Italy did nothing."

Corriere Della Sera agreed: "The problem is not one of tactics but mentality. Germany, for example, are defensive but play to win while this Italy play not to lose."

"Alessandro Del Piero was not fit and it is outrageous that Maldini did not realise this in training."



Zigzag-Zagreb... a Croatian couple celebrate the win over Germany along with 100,000 compatriots in Zagreb's main square

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY COLLINS

## A potential Orange feast better saved until last

Martin Thorpe detects a growing sense of Dutch destiny despite the Brazilian barrier

**I**T IS the way with World Cup that the best is rarely saved until last. Holland versus Brazil has a sumptuous ring to it, but a semi-final remains a frustratingly premature stage for this clash of cavaliers.

Setting aside Nigeria's brief bursts of inspiration, have any team shown more attacking intent and a greater ability to deliver goals consistently from creative open play and under pressure than Holland and Brazil?

A showdown between 22 players who love to dominate the ball would have offered a fitting climax to what, after all, is meant to be a celebration of the best in the game.

But Holland's appearance in the last four of a tournament they have amazingly never won is still a triumph for classy fighters everywhere.

When the first-round sparring made way for a proper test of knockout skills against well-matched defences, other heavyweight contenders showed a lack of punching power: Italy against Norway and France; France themselves against Paraguay and then Italy.

Argentina's early promise also turned out to be an optical illusion, as they laboured against England's 10 men and, despite hitting the post twice on Saturday, allowed Holland to dominate for long periods and threaten regularly.

"We had been encouraged when we saw England create

so much space and chances against Argentina," said Marc Overmars, though no one could have envisaged the beauty of the winning goal. Control, jink, shot: three steps to heaven.

Leo Beenhakker, the Holland coach in 1990, said of the winner: "It was the authentic Dennis Bergkamp. He is a man of moments. There are mistakes, poor control, poor passing. Then there is a moment of brilliance."

"It is typically Dutch to go

## Match stats

	Hol	Arg
Possession	53%	47%
Attempts on target	8	4
Attempts off target	8	4
Corners	7	4
Fouls	22	17
Offsides	2	2
Bookings	3	2
Sendings-off	1	1

on about those poor periods. But Bergkamp made the first goal and scored the second. If he was Spanish or Argentinian we would make him a god."

And if there is one other reason to celebrate Holland's victory over Argentina it is this: for all their qualities, Daniel Passarella's team feel the need to cheat.

We are not talking only about diving, although against Croatia Gabriel Battistuta could have opened his own flying school, and Ariel

Ortega too knows more about take-off and landing than the average pilot. But everyone dives these days.

No, Argentinians also operate on a subtler level. It was the player backing into Sol Campbell without punishment which goaded the defender into giving away the free-kick for the equaliser against England.

And when David Beckham kicked out at Diego Simeone, what of the Argentinian "innocently" pushing his hand into the prone Beckham's back?

Saturday's irony was that, although Ortega had this time been genuinely kicked all over the park, he was the one sent off, largely because of a fall by Edwin van der Sar straight from Ortega's own region.

If the racial fault-line in the Dutch camp can hold — and everyone seems to have kissed and made up after the bizarre incident at the end of the Yugoslavia game — the team's form is good enough to achieve anything.

Holland's search for revenge over Brazil for beating them in the 1994 quarter-finals will be trickier than beating the Argentinians, especially as Overmars is out because of injury. But Dutch self-belief has grown with every game and maybe, after more than two decades of trying, this year is finally destined to be theirs.

Holland have a big selection worry after Winston Bogarde broke a leg in training yesterday. Bogarde, who was taken to a Monaco hospital, had been expected to replace the suspended Arthur Numan at left-back tomorrow.

Fan's eye view

## Bar bar blemish on the French picture

Wick Chaudhary

**I**T IS easier to buy a ticket for a World Cup quarter-final match in Marseille than it is for a man with a brown face to enter one of the city's nightclubs.

This is my third visit to Marseille and I have arrived ticketless for the Holland v Argentina match. The orange army is in town along with the Argentinians, both of whom have decided to congregate in the Vieux Port area of the city.

During the World Cup, the Vieux Port has attracted large numbers of fans and ticket-touts. It might not be the hippest area of the city but it is certainly the liveliest.

The Friday night before the match I am sitting in Le Tabac bar, which overlooks the harbour, where I began chatting to a group of Dutch and Argentinian fans. After several beers, we decide to go to the Trolley Bus, a nearby nightclub which is holding a special World Cup night.

As we arrive at the door, a small cluster of people are waiting outside arguing with the bouncers. None of them are white. They are told to make way for our group and the bouncers allow everybody in, except me. The bouncer tells me that I can't go in because I am wearing trainers. I point out that so is everybody else, but he ignores me.

The night continues in the same vein. There were either problems with my trainers, T-shirt or even my trousers. There is no shortage of black and brown French faces milling around but few appear to be bothering with the clubs. There seems to be an unwritten rule that they will not be allowed to enter. I tried eight nightclubs and I got the red card at each one.

There are some great things about Marseille, namely the city's spirit and its openness. But this is also Le Pays country — the extreme right polls around 25 per cent city-wide — and an ugly sinister side lurks beneath the veneer of friendliness.

My spirit slightly deflated and my ego a little bruised, the saddest thing that struck me about the whole night as I returned to my camper van is that nearly all the bouncers in Vieux Port clubs are black.

Now back to the football. Aldo, an Argentinian who I met in Le Tabac bar had also arrived ticketless. He told me of a hotel in Le Pharo area where the receptionist knew of somebody selling tickets.

I went to the hotel on Saturday morning, around five hours before the match. When I told the receptionist that I only wanted one for myself she appeared a little disappointed. Her face dropped even further when I told her that I was definitely not interested in the \$250 hospitality tickets (drinks included).

She told me to go to a bar less than 10 minutes away and ask for Francois. He had 250 tickets which he was selling for £75. Not bad for a quarter-final match.

Francois was behind the bar when I walked in. I soon realised that not only was he running a lucrative business in selling World Cup tickets but he was also the bar owner. A group of Argentinians were sitting in the corner, drinking coffee. "They have bought 30," Francois told me with a massive smile across his face.

I gave Francois the money and told him that I might return for a semi-final ticket. He handed me a ticket for the Holland v Argentina match. The whole process took less than an hour.

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Tennis

# Novotna holds her nerve to lay a ghost

Stephen Bierley sees the creaking Czech take the title at last

MARTINA Navratilova, nine times the Wimbledon singles champion, once said of Monica Seles: "If she had Steffi Graf's serve, we'd all be gone." And surely if Jana Novotna had Graf's nerve, her first Grand Slam title would have come long before Saturday's agonisingly tense 6-4, 7-6 victory over France's Nathalie Tauziat.

This was a memorable rather than an outstanding final, for it was simply drenched with too much emotion ever to ignite more than spasmodically as a genuine contest.

*Boys in double* is how one French journalist described Tauziat's style of play: "A little bit of everything: a few herbs, a little wine, some vegetables — all cooked together and often very difficult to beat." The French woman had won three of their four meetings, although they had never played before on grass, which has always been the Czech's favourite surface.

However, Tauziat's forcing backhand, and her ability to volley instinctively made it improbable that Novotna would be able to dominate totally from the net, while it was starkly apparent from her opening service game that the Czech's nerves might yet, again, be her downfall. Tauziat is not afraid to challenge either authority or her peers. A few years ago on Court One she complained to the umpire about Seles's grunting, and on Saturday she vented her feelings after Novotna had signalled a ball out which had not been called and the umpire over-ruled.

It was one more person for the demonstrative and combative Tauziat to fight against, and she was still complaining when Novotna broke her service for the second time, effectively giving the new world No. 2 the first set.

Novotna has been wearing a back support since the French Open and, as she served, she expelled a low creaking sound, like a dampened note from a taut string. The question was, would she snap?

Breaks of serve in the women's game are nothing like as significant as in the men's and, with neither Tauziat nor Novotna finding her rhythm for the second time, she was always on a knife edge, with Novotna's nerves sharpening the blade.



Tears of joy... Jana Novotna celebrates her Wimbledon victory, beating Nathalie Tauziat 6-4, 7-6

She served for the title at 6-4, 5-4 but what appeared to be a winning Novotna smash on the first point was called out and the sport's most friable of temperaments began to fall apart. For five years she has lived with interminable references to her astonishing collapse against Graf when, leading 4-1 in the third set, Novotna blew the All England title here. So, when Tauziat squared the second set at 5-5, the murmurs of her retirement in 1990, as being "like an orange without juice". It has

sometimes seemed that the sound of Novotna's pipe squeaking has underscored Grand Slam after Grand Slam in the 1990s. At least the squeeze is off. Jana Novotna is finally a champion. And most deservedly so.

Novotna will make a rare appearance before her home crowd at this week's WTA tournament in Prague, where she is seeded to meet the Wimbledon semi-finalist Natasha Zvereva of Belarus in the final four.

# Ivanisevic ends in sweat and tears

IT WAS so nearly an unbelievable weekend for Croatia, one which would have been logged in the sporting chronicles for all time: World Cup semi-finals and Wimbledon champion as well. But no such luck. It took almost three hours before Goran Ivanisevic's bold and vivid challenge palpably and suddenly subsided in the fifth set yesterday — and, like a massive breaker dying on the sea wall, it was all over and done with as if it had never really happened.

Time and dusty reference books will remember 1998 as an acclaimed champion's record and that's about it for posterity. Poor Goran. For here was the martyrdom of Spartacus, Wimbledon-style if not Hollywood's.

The picture of pain and torment which harrowingly seared across the Croat's face at the end was almost Biblical. Sweat and poignant tears cascaded into his great dark beard.

It was death in the afternoon, in a way — or, if not, he certainly threatened it in the evening. "I feel like to kill myself. I am no use to anybody now. This is the worst thing ever in my life," he said.

"I agree nobody did die out there but I might as well die now. How can I motivate myself for tennis ever again? It was my great chance. At the beginning he was nervous, I was nervous. I have two set-points in the second tie-break. Would he have come back from that?"

"I give them to him. It was ridiculous. I was so close. I come back and give my whole being in the fourth set. But halfway through the fifth, it was like somebody hit me." No messing, somebody had been hitting him for almost three solid hours, and mighty hard as well. In matching and hurtful return, third for third, Ivanisevic had been hitting him back of course, often with interest. This was "in your face" tennis with a vengeance, as the two of them, one-man hit squads, traded some fearsome ammo across the net.

It began as almost routine, each man wheeling out his tit-for-tat heavy artillery and we looked at each other — just as they did across the net — to say "Here we go again".

But it became, long before the end, much more than that and was almost heroic in its grandeur. Quiet, please! Boom! Boom! Game Sampras.



Ivanisevic... torment

**Frank Keating sees the Croatian Centre Court storm blow itself out in the fifth set of the Wimbledon final**

Game Ivanisevic. Boom! Boom! Quiet, please! The mounting intensity of it, and turn and turnabout, the courage both to deliver and withstand, grew into an epic with a highly dramatic life of its own.

This was great theatre, without a doubt, and the most valiantly contested Wimbledon final for years.

Here was the ultimate in narrow-eyed power play with scarcely a sensitive rally allowed. Each shot, each look, was laced with venom and malice. The two of them, nicely, were exactly level in shooting the day's fastest service at 134 mph. Ivanisevic, mightily, served 32 clean aces to Sampras's 12 but in between, as he overstrained the whole man and spirit of himself, the Croat served 18 double faults, 10 more than the comparatively composed and icy champion.

Ivanisevic might even have totted up an astonishing half-century of aces but for a whicker, for time and again Sampras did wonderfully well to

get a nick of racket on the ferociously passing blur of fuzz, edging some to first or second slip, a couple to deep third man and one skier into the gods even.

In turn Ivanisevic had the side aisles cowering several times when the Sampras serve's more canny venom and change of angle had the left-hander stranded in mid-court. Wrong-footed on his two great Cornish-pastie shoes, with stance wrongly set, the challenger would desperately flail, two-handed and flat-batted, and the ball would fly off the middle to deep mid-wicket. Dangerous stuff. The whole afternoon was fraught with danger.

Ivanisevic seemed all of a pent-up passion throughout, although the truth was probably that Sampras was simply showing it less. But the Croat kept his sometimes furious temper in control. He called for new shoes and made a big production of tying up the laces, just so. He muttered occasionally, implored the heavens a few times, or his compatriots in the red-checked national shirts.

Sampras had arrived obviously expecting a long, long day at the office. His whopping great sportsbag seemed laden with food as it was carried on court.

The American seemed ready for a mighty big picnic. He laid out four bottles for starters of Ribena-coloured flagons under his chair. Ivanisevic came in far lighter, putting one bottle of orange juice alongside him.

Sampras, all cool demeanour and knowing class, wore his trademark and baggy Brooks Brothers whites like a Gatsby would. Then Gatsby set about evicting from his party this bearded, muttering, madcap gatecrasher in his blue bandana. It took an awful long time to get rid of him.

In fact the champion might not have managed it at all had the interloper just played that second-break more calmly. As Gatsby's creator Scott Fitzgerald noted once: "Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy."

It was nearly a great champion grasping for his place in history who was that tragic hero yesterday. But in the end, alas, it was the gatecrasher.

"It takes a bit of luck to win a major sometimes," said Sampras afterwards. No such luck for Goran yesterday.

## And the smiles follow with Hingis

Richard Jago

JANA NOVOTNA cried when she won the singles on Saturday but smiled so much during the doubles final yesterday that it looked as though she might let a weekend of triumph slip through her grasp.

Although she finally became the first player for a decade simultaneously to take the Wimbledon singles and doubles titles, there were moments during the 6-3, 3-4, 8-6 win for Novotna and Martina Hingis over Natasha Zvereva and Lindsay Davenport when it seemed the new and the old Wimbledon singles champions might be too light-hearted about it all.

Grits and giggles and a genuine sense of celebration during the first half of the contest always seemed cavalier and premature, and it was hardly

a surprise when a lead of a set and 3-1 suddenly evaporated.

Once Hingis's serve was broken it went down the sport's No. 1 seeds lost seven successive games as Zvereva moved to within sight of retaining the title as she and her new American partner went a break up in the final set.

But there were signs that Novotna's triumph may be making her a different player. A wound has been healed and there was a sense of security about her play even as the match seemed to be slipping away when Hingis went through an indifferent patch.

In the end Hingis rediscovered her return of serve and created the extra pressure which made the difference. The gracious teenager deserved this reward for the way she had responded to Novotna taking her singles title. Novotna certainly worked

hard to repay her. But until Zvereva, whose anticipation and interceptions had often made her the player of the match, made the mistake of the match by double-faulting on match point, the outcome of an excellent final had remained in doubt.

It was nevertheless a good day for Minsk. Zvereva's fellow Belarusian Max Mirnyi will celebrate his 21st birthday today as one of the most improbable of Wimbledon champions, leading his scratch partnership with the American Serena Williams to the mixed doubles title.

They won twice in a day, and their victory in the final over Mahesh Bhupathi and Mirjana Lucic not only saw two 16-year-olds opposing each other in a Wimbledon final for the first time, it made Serena and Venus Williams the first sisters to hold Grand Slam titles simulta-

neously, the elder Williams having won the mixed at the Australian.

It meant the younger sister won her first Wimbledon title at her first Wimbledon and it made Serena a star as Venus looked on.

At the other end of the age-and-experience scale, the Woodies' record-breaking run of 35 consecutive Wimbledon wins and five consecutive titles came to an end amidst tense scenes on Saturday evening. The Australian Todd Woodbridge and Mark Woodforde lost 10-8 in the final set of the men's doubles final against the Dutch pair, Paul Haarhuis and Jacco Eltingh.

But although Woodforde is the oldest player on the ATP Tour and shortly to be married, it is not the Aussies who plan to stop. Instead Eltingh, whose wife is expecting a baby, is the one who is talking of quitting.

### Wimbledon final results

#### Men's Singles

Final  
(Seeds in capitals)  
P SAMPRAS (US) 6-1 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Men's Doubles

Final  
J BLAKE/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Men's Over-35

Doubles  
Final  
G McHugh/Wideman (US) 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Women's Singles

Final  
J NOVOTNA (CZ) 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Women's Doubles

Semi-finals  
L A DAVENPORT/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4  
M HINGIS/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Women's Over-35

Doubles  
Final  
P H McHugh/Wideman (US) 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Mixed Doubles

Semi-finals  
M BAKPATIN/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4  
M HINGIS/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Boys' Singles

Semi-finals  
M BAKPATIN/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4  
M HINGIS/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Boys' Doubles

Semi-finals  
M BAKPATIN/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4  
M HINGIS/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Girls' Singles

Semi-finals  
K CILICERO (US) 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4  
K CILICERO (US) 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

#### Girls' Doubles

Semi-finals  
P RAMPATIN/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4  
P RAMPATIN/US 6-3 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4 6-4

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Motorcycling

# Crafar wins but Doohan has grip on title

Peter Nichols on new challenges to the old order at Donington in the British Grand Prix

CONSIDERING how many races Mick Doohan has won in the past few years, Simon Crafar made beating him here look surprisingly easy.

The New Zealander, in his first full season of grand prix racing — he has spent the past four years in Superbike racing, while Doohan has spent them winning the 500cc title four times in a row — had such an emphatic victory that it made the whole adventure somewhat monotonous.

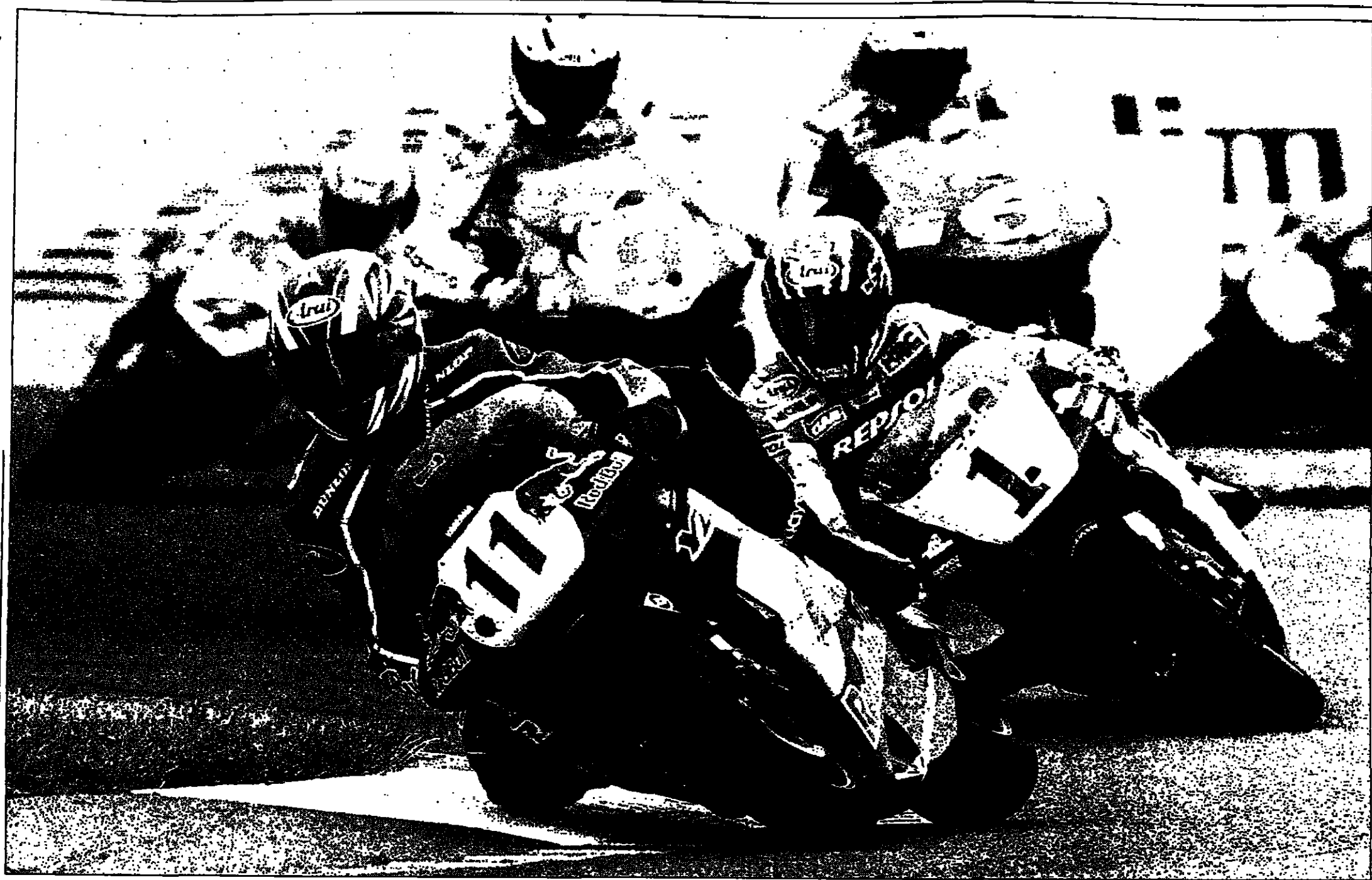
Afterwards Crafar, who had started from pole position and led from the fifth lap, looked stunned.

"I certainly did not expect it to go the way it did today, because at the start I was ready to race hard all the way," he said.

"I still can't really believe it. All I could think was that Mick was having trouble getting past someone."

Mick wasn't. The 33-year-old Australian had gone past the early leader Norick Abe as smoothly as Crafar, 29, had done a couple of laps earlier.

Still only seven laps into the 30-lap race, a Herculean tussle had looked likely. It failed to happen and Doohan attributed this to his tyre selection: he had chosen a harder compound in the belief that the clouds would roll away after the start and the track would warm up. The clouds remained sub-



Turn-up... the newcomer Simon Crafar leads the four-times world champion Mick Doohan

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN CLEVER

limely unaware of the Repsol Honda team strategy and stayed where they were. The tyres did not warm up and the grip was not there till the race was all but done and dusted.

"I knew within a lap of passing Abe; the harder I tried the slower I went," said Doohan. "We were in totally different races today."

Coming second is not such bad news for the Australian. Max Biaggi, the championship leader, could manage only sixth and so converted a three-point lead into a seven-point deficit. And when Doohan gets a grip on a championship he tends not to relinquish it.

Crafar is too far back in the title race to have any ambitions in that direction.

He can, however, take great credit for stopping Yamaha's not. Since Wayne Rainey took the title from 1990-92 the company have struggled: you have to go back to October 1996 to find a grand prix victory in any class.

Apart from victory for Steve Webster in the sidecars the best British result came in the 250cc race. For

once, here was a British rider who did not need binoculars to see the podium. Jason Vincent did not quite get on it, but in the final eight laps of the 27 he chased the three bikes closest to him with such intent that a champagne dousing was a real possibility.

Vincent, his privateer TSR-Honda not quite able to match the factory bikes

for power, finished sixth but was barely a second behind the third-placed Stefano Perugini.

"I've proved that, if I get the rise, a British lad can get to the top," said Vincent.

The race was won by Loris Capirossi, waved through by his fellow Aprilia rider Tetsuya Harada on the final lap. Harada, who

maintains his lead in the championship, was responding not to team orders but to a spluttering engine. Japan's Kazuto Sakata won the 125cc class to give himself a handy cushion of 46 points over Marco Melandri in the title race. Melandri, the 15-year-old Italian, followed his victory in Assen last week with a fourth place.

It rather put into perspective the performance of Britain's own 15-year-old, Leon Haslam, son of the former racer Ron. He did exceptionally well to complete his first grand prix in 17th place, especially given that he was nudged off the track on the opening lap. Haslam is a real prospect. Melandri is without doubt a wonderkid.

Golf

# Carter's nerve holds for play-off win over Monty

Mark Garrod at Druid's Glen

DAVID CARTER won the Murphy's Irish Open in dramatic fashion here south of Dublin yesterday, beating the European No.1 Colin Montgomerie at the first hole of a sudden-death play-off after finishing on a six-under-par 278.

The 26-year-old from Chesterfield looked to have thrown away the chance of a maiden European tour victory when he lost a four-shot lead with six holes to play. But after going into the water at the last — a hole he needed to par to win the £158,001 first prize — he sank a 20-foot bogey putt to force the play-off with a 71.

Montgomerie, who shot a 68 to set the challenge to Carter, was looking for a third successive victory in the event and went to the play-off holes as firm favourite. However, he pulled his drive into the rough and, in trying to lay up short of the pond, the club twisted in his hands and his ball rolled agonisingly into the water.

There was still a chance for the 35-year-old Scot but, after taking a penalty drop, he left his pitch 25 feet short and, when he missed the putt, he conceded, not asking Carter to take any of the three putts he had for victory.

"I'm lucky to be here and that's something I don't forget," said a jubilant and emotional Carter, whose life was saved by emergency brain surgery in Dubai last year.

after contracting a virus. "I kept saying, 'Believe in yourself and when I had that putt to tie, I kept saying to myself, 'You're going to hole it.'"

Montgomerie found consolation in the fact that 11 days before the Open he is back at the top of the European Order of Merit, which he has won for the last five years.

Along with the joint overnight leader Barry Lane, Carter had bogeyed the 1st. But, while Lane struggled all day, Carter struck back immediately with a 30-foot putt at the 2nd. A pitch to three feet on the next and a birdie on the 6th, after his 45-foot eagle putt had slipped out, took him three clear and, when he pitched to six feet four holes later, the gap became four.

He saved a vital par on the 10th, pitching to a foot after a

bad drive, but the 471-yard 13th was always likely to be a crucial test of his nerve — and sadly he failed it, hitting into a stream with an iron off the tee and running up a double-bogey six.

He went back to three ahead with a pitch to three feet on the next but the 16th may haunt him for a long time. His drive found the sand and he tried to hit a wood for his second but carved it horribly into the heavy rough and his five-minute search was almost up when the ball was found. The resulting bogey left him only one stroke ahead of Montgomerie and after he saved par from a bunker at the 17th — splashing out to a foot — it came down to the last — and then, of course, to the play-off. — Press Association

Sport in brief

Football

Ian Wright will meet Arsenal's manager Arsène Wenger this week and the outcome may be his departure from Highbury. "I think it is good to explore different avenues," said the 34-year-old striker. "I still have a lot to offer and if it is not Arsenal it will have to be somewhere else."

"The club is moving in a different direction and I'm not sure I will be a focal point for too much longer. There are stories saying Nicolas Anelka is not happy, but I am sure Arsenal will make him happy and that he'll stay."

Athletics

Marion Devonish ran 10.15 seconds, the fastest 100 metres in Britain this year, in winning the first race in the Nivea Sprint Challenge in Bedford, writes Duncan Mackay. At the finish only 0.02sec covered the first four, with the Coventry runner sealing off Ian Mackie. Kenya's world 3,000 metres record-holder Daniel Komen has denied rumours that he will not run in September's Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur.

Triathlon

Britain's Andrew Johns, 24, enhanced his reputation by winning the European Championship at Velden, Austria, on Saturday, writes Peter Nichols. He was 25th after the 1.5km swim but the field regrouped on the 40km bike ride and he then produced an outstanding 10km run, of 30min 44sec, to snatch victory on the line. In the women's junior race Beth Thompson, who this year switched allegiance from Australia to Britain, had a comfortable win.

Table Tennis

Andrea Holt has taken over as No.1 in the England women's rankings after Lisa Lomas's retirement. Holt will lead the national team next season in the European Women's League. Matthew Syed leads the men's ratings from Carl Pears.

Rowing

# Fit Foster finds form to help cane Danes

Christopher Dodd at Henley

TIM FOSTER completed his comeback when Britain's four beat the Danish lightweight by three-quarters of a length in the Stewards' Challenge Cup on the final day of the Royal Regatta.

James Cracknell, Steve Redgrave, Matthew Pinsent and Foster had seen off the Olympic champions, the Oarsome Foursome from Australia, in Saturday's semi-final even though "in the exuberance of the moment" Pinsent lifted a triumphant arm before his boat crossed the line.

There was no time for such gestures against the Danes, the world and Olympic champions in lightweight fours. Their stroke Victor Feddersen said: "We are happy they are not our real opponents."

The British four's win gave Redgrave his 17th Henley medal. The crew have been together for five weeks since Foster returned after injury and they go off on a winning note to next weekend's World Cup final in Lucerne, where another formidable Australian crew awaits.

Four first-class crews in the regatta's first invitation women's eights produced some sparkling racing. The Americans won a tight final against the British by a third of a length in 7min 55sec.

The German national eight, with the Cambridge Blues Marc Weber and Stefan Forster at stroke and seven, rowed the French down in the Grand. In the Ladies' Plate Harvard came from behind to beat Cambridge and Star, and in the Temple, Imperial College dealt the same treatment to University of Wales Col-

lege, Cardiff. Radley staged a brilliant rally to overhaul St Mary's Prep of the United States in the Princess Elizabeth and London RC chose the day their patron, Prince Philip, presented the prizes to defeat the old hands of Bowbridge BC by two thirds of a length in the Thames Cup.

The world sculling champion Jamie Coven wrestled the Diamonds off Greg Searle after the Briton was awarded a false start and led at the Barrier after the re-start. Searle never had a lead of more than half a length before the American took over at halfway. Searle challenged strongly along the enclosures but lost his title by 2½ lengths.

Sweden's Maria Brandin won the women's sculls for the fifth time when she held off a sustained attack by Gina Douglas of Mercantile, Australia.

Chess

# Adams eyes Kasparov title after German win

Leonard Barden

MICHAEL ADAMS became a contender for the world title yesterday when he shared first prize with 6/9 in the Dortmund Sparkassen Grandmasters, the strongest tournament to be held in Germany.

The result is likely to elevate him from No.8 to No.4 in the International Chess Federation (Fide) rankings, and confirms him as the western world's leading prospect.

Dortmund was billed as a showdown among challengers to the reigning Russian world champion Garry Kasparov

and Anatoly Karpov, neither of whom competed.

Six of the top 10 were there and Adams won three games — the most significant against India's Vishy Anand, who knocked him out in last year's Fide semi-final — and drew six. The 26-year-old Cornishman shared victory with Russia's Vlad Kramnik and Fele Svidler, Anand, the world No.2 and Kasparov's official challenger Alexei Shirov both failed to win a game.

Shirov trailed in last and his disastrous showing is sure to increase criticism that Kasparov, who arranges his own title contests in opposition to Fide, is taking on an opponent

who lacks credibility. But if Kasparov should have second thoughts, Adams might prove an able substitute.

Adams's approach to the game has in the past seemed too laid-back but now he has turned down both his place in this year's British championship and the leadership of the Lough team because competing against weaker domestic players might jeopardise his climb up the world rankings.

With Adams, Nigel Short and Matthew Sadler all in the world top 20 and in good form, England now look serious challengers to Russia in the next major event, the Olympiad in Elista in September.

# Rookie McKay tames the Open wind

Elisabeth Burnside at Blackwallow Run

RAISED ON the fairways of Turnberry, Mhairi McKay felt quite at home in the gusting winds that tormented so many of the field in the third round of the US Women's Open here in Wisconsin.

On a day when many of the elite struggled to stay on the right side of 80 — the world No.1 Annika Sorenstam shot 79 and Laura Davies 78 — the 23-year-old Scottish rookie posted a 73, joint best of the day, to stand just one shot off the lead going into the final

round of her first major championship. Se Ri Pak, the 20-year-old Korean, led on 214, one over par, as she attempted to become the first player in eight years to win majors back to back. The youngster, who is often compared to Tiger Woods, won the McDonald's LPGA championship in May.

McKay shared second spot with Sweden's Liselotte Neumann, the 1986 champion and, at 32, a real veteran in such company, while there was another three-shot gap to the leading Americans Chris Johnson and the amateur Jenny Chuasiriporn. McKay arrived here

claiming it would be a learning experience. No one, not even herself, could have envisaged that she would master the course so quickly.

"I'm loving every minute of it and having such fun," she said as she looked forward to playing alongside Pak in the final pair on the final day. "I've watched the US Open so many times on television and you dream about being in contention one day."

"The Open is the maximum test. The challenge, the atmosphere and the crowd. But, it's what you aim for all the years you're growing up playing golf. This is a week full of memo-

ries that I will cherish."

McKay, a team-mate of Woods during four years at Stanford University in California, had an outstanding amateur career. She won Scottish and British girls' championships and played in two Curtis Cup matches. But this season she has been a "Monday qualifier" — needing to earn her place in the main event by playing in the preliminary rounds.

She arrived in Wisconsin having played in eight events with a tie for 28th in a Californian tournament in March as her best finish and had banked less than \$14,000 (£2,500) before coming here.

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## PARTING SHOT

At a stretch... not only the ponies needed stretching for action in the National Women's Polo Tournament at Ascot on Saturday, where the teams included Ascot Park, Alhambra and Rutland Rockets.

Photograph by Martin Godwin



## Flash of folly for heeding

## SCREEN BREAK

Martin Kelner

THANK goodness Ally McCoist was on hand to provide specialist comment when Argentina's Ortega appeared to fall the Dutch goalkeeper in the World Cup quarter-final. "Aye, he's put the head on him," pronounced Ally wisely as he studied a replay.

Nobody at Fifa appears to have the Glaswegian's understanding of the difference between genuine malice and what Ron Atkinson might call "handbags at 10 paces". There has to be a qualitative difference between "putting the head" on someone and, say, casually flicking your leg up at an opponent.

Still braced off at the Beckham sending-off? You bet I am. I reject the line that England's absence from the World Cup is somehow a good thing in some liberal international relations kind of way, as I do the thousands of correspondents who spew filth on to the Beckham bulletin boards on the Internet.

Within minutes of the end of Tuesday's match the Net was full of the most unbelievable bile, one of the few repeatable messages being from an Arsenal fan, who lamented, "Thanks for ruining my summer, you selfish self-centred sell-out. We had a barbecue arranged for Saturday, and now nothing." Call me old-fashioned but anyone who cannot enjoy a hot dog while watching Germany get beaten 3-0 does not know what fun is.

In any case, if you are following the tournament on TV it is entirely possible to ignore the fact that England are out of the competition.

You know that hoary old tale, which surfaced most recently as a sub-plot in *The Full Monty*, where an executive loses his highly paid job but cannot face telling his wife? He pretends nothing has happened, dresses in his business suit as normal every morning and leaves home at the usual time as if he were still in a job.

Well, the World Cup has

been a little like that this week. The commentators continued to support our lads right through the quarter-finals in a blatant attempt to convince us that English football is still very much a going concern in this World Cup. When Numan was sent off against Argentina, Barry Davies pronounced: "The question now is, are Holland as good as England?" — a reference no doubt to our heroic second-round victory over Argentina when reduced to 10 men. Remember that?

Back in the real world, though, Davies's rhetorical question surely missed the point that, if Holland did turn out to be "as good as England", they would be beaten on penalties and be going home to tend the tulips instead of looking forward to a semi-final against Brazil.

Still, the winning goal by Dennis Bergkamp — Arsenal's Dennis Bergkamp as he is regularly known in commentary — was another glorious English triumph, according to daffy David Platt. "A lot of English people will be delighted that Holland have won," he said. "We have a lot in common with Holland, and are very proud of the way they play." On what grounds exactly we could take pride in the Dutch victory he never specified. Maybe it was just a "flash of stupidity" on his part, the phrase he memorably used to describe the Ortega head-butting.

Platt's "analysis" is usually on the lines of "That's a fantastic left-foot shot", which at least leaves him less open to what we doctors call Keegan Syndrome. It should be recorded, however, that Kevin did finally call one correctly. On Friday, as France and Italy embarked on their penalty shoot-out, Keegan said he believed France had the advantage in shooting first. Before I had a chance to phone my bookie and transfer all my money on to Italy, Keegan had remarkably been proven right.

Finally, Motty Watch. This week's game was his carefully rehearsed ad-lib before the Germans and Croats kicked off. "Germany first won the trophy 44 years ago today with a team reconstructed after the war, and here they're playing a nation who know a great deal about war." A specialist in international relations writes: "Very much so, John."

## Weekend results

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## INTERNATIONAL MATCHES SOUTH AFRICA 16 England 0

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